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THE BLACK GONDOLA.

A VENETIAN TALE.

BY CHARLES A. SYLVESTER.

(Commenced in No. 67.)

X.—THE INTERROGATORY.

SIGNOR, your name and style?" said the secretary, preparing to write down the more positive answers of the prisoner.

"Count Leonardo Andrea del Carego Montecali," said the prisoner, with all the pride of a man whose name, in his own opinion, carried weight in its very sound.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-nine."

"You have been a soldier?"

"Ever since the age of sixteen I have striven to serve the republic; and it may be permitted me, in an exigency like the present, to add that my endeavors were not wholly unrewarded with distinction in the Cyprus war."

"That is duly recorded in your favor. But now we come to the first crime imputed to you."

"Ah!" was all the count uttered, while at the word "crime" an angry flush covered his face.

"On the night of the 2d of March, —, did not you, after the camp had retired to rest, and after the usual time for soldiers seeking sleep, wrapped in a cloak, and provided, by some unknown means, with the password, leave the camp in the direction of the enemy, and return as mysteriously some hours after?"

"I did," said Leonardo firmly, after a moment's reflection.

The secretary raised his head with rapidity. Could his face have been seen, in all probability some such expression would have been noticed as crosses a man's countenance when he sees another rushing wilfully to destruction. The three judges whispered hurriedly amongst themselves.

"How obtained you the password?"

"From Stephen Dandolo," said the count with a smile of contempt, as he noted the finger of his rival in all his misfortunes.

"Afterwards your rival in love?" asked a judge who had not yet spoken.

"One of my rivals," replied the count coldly and bitterly, looking directly at the masked speaker.

"How came Stephen Dandolo, on guard that night, to reveal to you the password?" continued the secretary.

"The Signor Stephen Dandolo knew the object I had in view; and being then my friend, revealed it to me."

"And what was the object?"

"Reverend signors, surely you have not sufficiently forgotten the feelings of your youth, not to be aware with what object a young man usually makes such night expeditions!"

"You would insinuate, then, that instead of visiting the enemy's camp with a view to betraying the secrets of your country, you went to pay a visit to some fair lady?"

"Your highnesses have, with your usual far-sightedness, answered for me."

"Were it necessary, could you bring forward the lady?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because it was a mere caprice of the moment, and under no circumstances would I reveal the name."

"Such are not the answers usually given to the Lion of St. Mark," said one of the judges severely.

"I am sorry for it, my worthy signors; but while I am fully prepared to tell all my own secrets, I cannot tell those of other people," replied Count Leonardo calmly.

"Truth is our only object," continued the secret inquisitor, "and your explanation seems satisfactory. But we have graver matter yet."

Leonardo bowed.

The secretary turned over some documents, and took up a sheet of paper, which looked like a letter that had been folded out, and thus kept for some time.



THE BLACK GONDOLA.—"BEAUTIFUL INCOGNITA!" HE EXCLAIMED GALLANTLY, "I HAVE LEFT ALL MY FRIENDS TO COME TO YOU."

"Look, count, at that letter," said the secretary, handing it to him across the table.

Leonardo took it, and read it carefully. He raised his head then



THE BLACK GONDOLA.—"HE SORCERER!" EXCLAIMED THE BEWILDERED JAILER, STEPPING BACK IN UNFEIGNED ALARM.

with a strange smile. It seemed as if, in other circumstances, he would have had some difficulty in refraining from laughter.

"You have read the letter?" continued the secretary.

"I have read it."

"By whom is it written?"

"I presume you have not been unable to decipher so plain a signature."

"You acknowledge, then—"

"I declare it to be my handwriting, and addressed to Stephen Dandolo about three years back."

"At the date of the conspiracy of Paolo Liardo?"

"Ah! truly it was so."

"Be pleased to read the letter aloud, and explain its meaning," said the secretary.

"Most worthy signors," said Count Leonardo, "you must pardon me if I can scarcely maintain my gravity, but I cannot help it. Still, I will strive to be seemly in my behavior, and to read it with all due solemnity. The letter is as follows: 'It gives me much pleasure to rank you amongst us. The injured, first of all, are the life and soul of conspiracies; and to overthrow this hated and secret power is a great and holy purpose. The venerable Doge himself is not worth troubling ourselves about; but it is, above all, against his constant adviser, and against the secret and veiled Council of Three, that you and all other victims of iron despotism must be eager to take revenge. For myself, I conceive, that when they are unmasked, we shall be better able to judge what sort of punishment will become our dignity and their deserts. Until to-night, then, adieu.'"

And throwing down the letter, the young count covered his face with his handkerchief, his glistening eyes giving intimation that it was with very doubtful success he struggled against an inclination to laugh outright.

"When you have recovered yourself, signor count," said the secretary somewhat harshly, "you will perhaps recollect the presence in which you stand."

"I stand in the presence of the secret and veiled Council of Three," exclaimed the count, trying to disguise his merriment in an irreverent cough, which made the four strange personages who were examining him stare with astonishment.

"Count," said the secretary, "you presume too much. We wait the explanation of your letter and of your unseemly mirth."

"Pardon me, excellencies, but the pranks of our youth cause sometimes joyous remembrances; and this, if I live, will always raise in my mind mirthful thoughts. I assure you, excellencies, that if you had not forgotten in more important occupations how to laugh, you would yourselves join me, when I relate the cause."

"Speak on!"

"There lived, and I believe there still lives in Venice, for the misfortune of its youth, a certain Jew named Abraham, a money-lender, a usurer, who was in the habit of supplying our young spendthrifts with money when the paternal pursestrings were closed. This Jew had taken unfair and base advantage of the distresses of many, and one day it chanced that his numerous victims resolved on revenging themselves. I knew that Stephen Dandolo was one of those who had perhaps suffered more than any from his rapacity, and hence my desire to have him among the conspirators. At my request he freely joined us, and I wrote this letter to congratulate him. In the joyous thoughtlessness of youth, I very irreverently, I own, applied to the Jew the name of Doge, called his wife his 'constant adviser,' and designated his three pretty daughters 'the secret and veiled Council of Three; for which I humbly beg your lordships' pardon.'"

The dreaded tribunal whispered; and then, after gazing at the speaking, and amused, and frank countenance of the young lord, there was a sound among them which the profane might have misinterpreted into that of repressed mirth.

"Per Bacco!" cried one of the three in a cracked but hilarious voice, "I recollect the affair. The Jew Abraham was entrapped to thy house, young man, under pretence of lending thee money, and was only released from confinement after making amends for some of his rascalities by releasing certain of his most ill-used debtors."

"And after sending for his three daughters, whom, finding them young, pretty, and innocent, we treated honorably, and sent back rejoicing," said the count with a low bow.

A silence ensued, during which the three inquisitors recovered themselves a little, and then held council: it could be easily seen, however, that they were under the influence of feelings not commonly allied to functions so terrible as theirs.

"Young man," said one of them gravely, "we are satisfied that you have spoken the truth. But there yet remains to be explained how this letter has been sent to us as a convincing proof of your guilt."

At this instant an officer entered, and handed a paper to the secretary. The secretary at once transferred it to the Council.

XI.—THE JUDGMENT.

THE members of the tribunal spoke together for a few minutes in a low tone. Their voices were grave and solemn, and even full of indignation. They seemed slightly to differ in opinion, but at last one gave way, and they were again of the same mind.

"Let Stephen Dandolo enter!" said the secretary to the officer, on a sign from the Council of Three.

Count Leonardo started with unfeigned astonishment, and all his joyous looks vanished. His malicious and revengeful rival had doubtless heard of his presence before his judges, and, alarmed at the prospect of his being able to explain away the absurd charges made against him, was come to reinforce them by his testimony, or to add to them others more serious perhaps, and less easily answered.

Stephen Dandolo entered. He was dressed still in the somewhat fantastic costume which he had put on to receive his guests. His mien was lofty and haughty, and he bowed proudly to the tribunal, and politely to his old friend.

"What is there of such pressing moment that you present yourself thus before us?" said one of the judges.

"My lords, I come on an errand of duty. I had reason to suspect that you were this night about to judge one who for a whole year has been unjustly detained in the prisons of Venice."

Stephen Dandolo paused. He had come in breathless with haste. "Who is it that talks so boldly of Venetian injustice in this presence?" interrupted one of the judges, while Leonardo started, still more astonished than before.

"The author of the injustice, mighty lords. I, Stephen Dandolo, declare, to my shame and sorrow, that I am the author of the misfortunes which have fallen upon the Count Leonardo Montecali."

"Stephen," cried the young count gravely, "what had I done to deserve your hate, and what have I done now to call for this unasked-for testimony?"

"You were my rival in love. We both loved Angelina Avarenza. To my rage and despair, I saw that you were preferred—that the lady, while scorning my affection, paid yours back with interest. Fury and revenge filled my breast, and I swore that if she could not be mine, she should not be yours. I have kept my vow."

"Fatally!" said Leonardo in a low tone.

"Fatally I have. But what is done is done. A year ago, my mind boiling with hate and passion, I turned over in my secret thoughts the best means of separating you. At first I meant to have you slain, but I could not bear the thought of hiring an assassin to kill the man I had once called friend. I therefore denounced you to St. Mark as a traitor and conspirator. I had two very strong proofs against you—your midnight visit to a lady during the Cyprus war, and your imprudent letter about the Jew Abraham. I tore off the postscript, which bade me burn a document which looked so treasonable, and I enclosed it, with a formal denunciation, to the Arogaderi. The next day you were arrested under my own eyes in the Avarenza Palace."

"And are you not ashamed, young man, you, a noble and a prince, son of the chief magistrate of Venice, to own to such infamy?" said a judge severely.

"I am ashamed of having done the act, not of owning it," said Stephen with haughtiness.

"Your repentance is tardy, Count Dandolo," observed one of the judges; "but to what cause are we to ascribe your unexpected presence here?"

"To the interference of an angel," said Stephen Dandolo warmly

"But an hour since, the Lady Angelina, Princess di Papoli, veiled, and attended by a single servant, came to my palace."

"Ah!" said one of the judges.

"Angelina!" cried Leonardo.

"Herself. She came, and asking to see me, pleaded with all the eloquence of a woman's heart the cause of the man she loved. What moved me most was her unhesitating confidence in his innocence. The more innocent she believed him, it is true the more guilty I became; but I reflected not on this. All I saw was a beautiful woman, who knew that the man she loved, and whom yet she could never call husband, was in danger, and forgot everything to try and save him. I saw her come boldly and unhesitatingly to the palace of a young man, his rival, on an errand of mercy and love. My lords, I have now spoken, and I trust to your justice and mercy."

"Jacopo," cried the secretary.

The officer entered, followed by several guards.

"Remove the prisoners," said the other quietly, "and see that they have no conference together."

The two young men bowed proudly, and were taken both to the chamber previously occupied by Leonardo alone, and placed one at each end, their guards standing between them. The young Count Montecali was much overcome. The generous act of his beloved Angelina, which had enabled him to prove his innocence in the most effectual manner, moved him much; while the retraction, tardy as it was, of Stephen Dandolo seemed to him to call for deep gratitude. It was true his rival could not undo all the evil he had occasioned, but he certainly had done his best; and Leonardo pardoned him from his soul. An eloquent look explained these feelings to Stephen, who responded by a friendly and courteous bow, and then both withdrew into their own thoughts.

"Counts Leonardo and Stephen, the tribunal summons you to hear its decision," exclaimed at the end of that time the officer Jacopo.

The two young men followed their guide once more, and were again in the presence of the Council of Three.

The secretary motioned them to take a seat, which they both did, auguring well from this auspicious beginning.

"Count Leonardo Montecali," said one of the judges in a gentle and calm voice, "the tribunal has to express its deep regret that, deceived by false appearances and lying reports, the government of Venice has been unjust towards a loyal and faithful subject. The tribunal declares you free, and divested of all suspicion. But the tribunal tempers mercy with justice, and condemns you to one year's imprisonment for your imprudent trifling with sacred names in your letter read before this presence; although, taking into consideration the infirmities of our nature, it considers you to have already paid this penalty."

"Accept my warmest thanks, honorable lords!" exclaimed Leonardo.

"Be not so impatient, young man. The government of Venice is just; and if, under false impressions, it commits a despotic act, it knows how to repair its injuries nobly. The republic has under its tutelary guardianship a young lady of great beauty and wealth, and it permits you, as compensation for what you have suffered, to take to wife its dear ward, Angelina Avarenza."

"Merciful God! what mean you?" cried Leonardo, unable to credit his senses.

"The tribunal has spoken very clearly, I think. Surely you can have no objection to this union?"

"My lords, it would be the fulfilment of the dearest desire of my life. But how is it possible—am I not in a dream?"

"Angelina Avarenza the wife of Leonardo!" cried Stephen, and his tone might have seemed to indicate a momentary repentance of his generosity.

"Do you desire to recall your evidence?" asked the judge severely, penetrating the feelings of the young man.

"No, my lords, no!" cried Stephen, shaking off the weakness of nature, and in a frank and earnest voice said: "I am delighted, for they deserve to be happy. I am truly glad it is in your power, noble signors, to reward the affection of this faithful couple; but I understood the Lady Angelina to be the wife of the noble Prince di Papoli!"

"Well spoken, young man. The tribunal is pleased to hear these creditable sentiments in your mouth, and consents to pardon you the heinous crime of which you have been guilty. But be warned, Count Stephen! The Lion of St. Mark is a dangerous animal to play with, and will not easily consent to be the tool of private vengeance."

"My lords," cried Leonardo passionately, "speak once more. Do I hear aright? Is Angelina really to be my wife?"

"Young man, the tribunal has spoken, and what it has said must be. Now go. The officers will take you back to the Avarenza Palace; and, moreover, understand that it is the will of the state that the marriage take place this evening."

"This evening!" cried Leonardo almost stupidly; and gazing at the Three, as if to read in their veiled faces the explanation of the mystery.

"I claim to be your bridesman, Leonardo!" exclaimed Stephen. "And I accept you with all my heart," said the Count Montecali; and they grasped each other's hand cordially.

"Well done, young men. This reconciliation is wise and noble. Now go. The tribunal has other matters of more moment to attend to than the resuscitation of friendship and the union of lovers."

The late rivals and enemies went out arm in arm, and after the delay of about a quarter of an hour, were taken through the palace by the sbirri, put on board the Black Gondola—the Black Gondola, as it was called *par excellence*, for all the gondolas of Venice are black—and taken to the Avarenza Palace.

XII.—THE CATASTROPHE.

THEY found the palace still as it. There were servants about; and to a hurried question they replied that the Lady Angelina was alone. The visitors waited not to be announced, but went rapidly up stairs. All the doors of the long suite of apartments were open; and they heard voices within—the voice of Angelina speaking to Agatha.

"What boat was that which just stopped beneath my window?" said the young lady in a somewhat anxious tone.

"It is I," cried Stephen Dandolo, pushing back Leonardo.

"Count Dandolo!" almost screamed Angelina, while she drew back in alarm.

"Lady Angelina, we have come to return your charming visit," said Stephen with a smile; "but, lest I should be rudely welcomed, I have brought a friend with me to back me."

"A friend!—what friend?"

"I, my Angelina—my adored, my love, my wife!" cried Count Montecali, advancing.

"Leonardo!" shrieked Angelina; and overcome by the excessive emotions of the evening, she fell, half fainting, in his arms. She soon, however, recovered under the caresses of her ardent lover.

"Stephen," said she, rising and holding out her hand, "this is noble, this is generous; but why were you not thus a year ago?"

"Fair lady, I comprehend your reproach. You mean that, but for me, you could now be happy as the wife of the man you loved. But it is a husband I bring triumphantly in my train. The republic is a great tyrant, we know, but still we must all obey it; and St. Mark has decided that you this evening wed the Count Leonardo. This is but a short shrift, 'tis true."

"But what means all this?" said Angelina distractedly. "You talk to me of marrying—you speak of Leonardo as my husband: know you not that I am already married—that I am a wife—and that my husband is one of the first nobles in the state?"

"I know it perfectly. But then the Lion of St. Mark has spoken; and I, who have a blind confidence in the wisdom and power of the infallible government of Venice, firmly believe that you will this night marry my friend here."

Sounds of many footsteps were now heard, and the Prince di Papoli appeared in the next apartment with a large party. He alone, however, crossed the threshold.

"Move not from his side, Angelina," said he with a proud and happy smile. "You have every right to lean upon his heart. The Count Stephen, if I heard him well, has told you what has been decided. You are condemned, this very evening, to wed Count Leonardo. What answer give you to the ambassador of Venice?"

"Most noble prince," said Angelina in a sweet and distinct voice, "I have always been an obedient daughter of the City of Lakes, and I am not disposed to be a rebel now. But how can it be, my lord? Am I not your wife?"

"No, Angelina, you are not my wife. Pardon the trick we played upon your inexperience and youth. No marriage ever took place between us. I knew the Count Leonardo to be alive, though my oaths allowed me not to tell you, and, wishing to serve you, I chose a middle path. I so contrived that a ceremony of betrothal passed for a marriage-ceremony in your eyes; and thus you certainly are my betrothed; but as we both, I believe, are willing to release each other, all is well."

"Generous prince!" cried Angelina.

"Most noble and revered lord," said Leonardo, "how can I excuse my unjust suspicions?"

"Make this good child happy. The sweetest sight that can grace a parent's eyes is the picture of his daughter a well-mated and happy wife. I am to Angelina a parent. Be to her a good and noble husband, and I ask no more of you."

"My lord, there are women in this world so gentle, so good, so angelic, that they cannot but meet good husbands. Who could be faithless, or indifferent, or neglectful, with an Angelina for a wife?"

"Flatterer!" said Angelina, whose tones, however, were those of a woman who believes implicitly the words of one she loves.

"Be happy, then, my children," continued the prince; "give me your hand, my Angelina; and come, the altar awaits you: the priests and witnesses are ready, and the chapel is lighted up. Come."

Angelina put her hand in that of the aged prince, and followed by the whole party, went out. A concourse of friends, hastily collected, were in the next room. No one was surprised; for Angelina was a ward of the republic, and all guessed that there must be some reason for what was done.

The procession formed, the altar was reached, and the august and sacred ceremony begun. All looked with reflected pleasure on the happy faces of the bride and bridegroom. Their tone of happiness may have been a little grave, influenced by the early events of the evening; but it was real and unalloyed. There was on the countenance of Angelina an expression of confiding love, of almost infantine affection, which would have made her beautiful, independently of the mould of her features. Hers was one of those faces which beam with purity and innocence. She wore not a wedding-costume, but the wedded heart was there; and when the ceremony was over, she turned towards Leonardo with an expression which said so plainly—"Are you happy now?" that he answered it.

"I am happy. Only six hours ago I was a poor caged bird. Now I have freedom, honor, love, and joy. Who ever had so much before of blessing showered on him in a single day?"

"My son," said the prince gravely, "continue to deserve your happiness, and happiness will remain with you. It is rarely, in this world, that felicity leaves us, except when scared away by the uproar of our vices and follies. Apart from evils common to our nature, you will generally find that we are happy according to our deserts. Nine-tenths of the evils of life we create ourselves. Strive to be happy, love one another, and all will be well. Ye have my blessing, my children."

And the young married couple bowed humbly beneath his hands, and then, to the sound of gladsome music, all moved away to the superb collation which had been prepared by the orders of the careful prince.

THE END.

CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

INTERESTING to all, from the thoughtless school-boy to the reflective sage, are the nests of the feathered tribes; and at the present season of the year, when the voice of the singing of birds is heard, and their exquisite fabrications are to be found in grove and field, orchard and hedgerow, a few observations respecting them may be deemed not inappropriate.

A bird's nest, although a work of instinct, is suggestive of care, ingenuity, and delicacy of manipulation, choice in the selection of materials, and artifice in its site. It displays order, fitness of adaptation, and industry. Nests, however, vary in beauty and nicety of structure as well as in the materials of which they are composed. Consequently some are much more attractive to the eye than others. Compare, for example, the simple platform of sticks which constitutes the nest of the turtle-dove or the wood-pigeon, with the compact and elegant fabric of the thrush or the goldfinch; or that of the rook with the pensile cradle of the gold-crest, suspended at the extremity of a sweeping branch of larch, shrouded amidst a profusion of drooping tassels.

But, however exquisite and pleasing many of the nests of our American birds may be, certain it is that they are in numerous instances far surpassed in ingenuity by those of foreign species; and, as we have examples before us of some of these, we may here at once describe them, by way of comparison with the most artistic specimens of home-made manufacture.

We contemplate a group of hanging nests, some suspended at the extremity of a twig or slender shoot, and others from a long fibrous leaf. They vary in structure and material; many are of large size, firm and compact, and formed of an intricate interlacement of long threads of wiry grass; the entrance, moreover, is at the extremity of a long passage, which leads upwards to a snug chamber, so that the bird has to ascend the pendant tunnel. In the warmer regions, snakes and monkeys are the chief marauders against which birds have to secure their eggs and nestlings; and to this end is one design of these pendant nests. At the same time it must be confessed that many birds which have very little to apprehend from snakes, and nothing from monkeys, construct elegant pensile cradles. We may cite, as European examples, the golden oriole, the gold-crest, and the penduline titmouse. This latter bird is a native of Poland, Hungary, Southern France, Italy, etc. It breeds abundantly along the banks of the Danube, frequenting the reeds and osiers. Its nest is like a flask, suspended at the end of a long willow twig, or the flexible branch of some other tree of the marsh. It is woven from the cotton-like wool or down of the catkins or buds of the willow or poplar, and mostly overhangs the water, swayed to and fro by the breeze. The entrance is on one side, and leads to a soft chamber. In North America, a group of birds, popularly called orioles or starlings, construct pendant nests of the most elaborate workmanship; those of the orchard oriole and the Baltimore oriole being especially remarkable.

We give an accurate figure of the plain-suited tailor-bird (*Prinia inornata*), together with its nest.

The nest of this species is formed of the broad ample leaf of the *Letsonia nervosa*, (no English name,) the edges of which are brought together and kept in the proper position by means of many filaments of cotton, evidently spun by the bird, which, using its bill as a needle, carries them through the margin. Moreover, it will be seen that the ends of the threads are knotted, in order to prevent them from slipping through the *nervosa* leaf. It is difficult to conceive how the threads were spun, and almost equally so how the knots were made, unless they resulted from the friction of the leaf upon each thread as it was in the act of being drawn through. Yet the bird may manage them by its bill alone, for they are rather swellings than intricate knots. The art, however, of the bird is not confined to sewing the edges together; for the stalk end of the leaf is so bent and crushed as to form a hood over the opening of the nest, protecting it equally from the sun and the rain.

The interior of this leaf-nest is lined with cotton, silky grass and vegetable fibres, which compose a soft bed. The bird is by no means timid or reclusive; it tenants the precincts of houses, and even builds close to dwellings when it can find trees suitable to its purpose. Its flight is short and irregular. Ants, flies, and other insects constitute its food; its general plumage is of a pale rusty brown, but passing into dull white on the under parts; the feathers of the tail, the two central excepted, are tipped with white. Another species, the social tailor-bird, constructs a similar nest, and builds in small companies, as do one or two other species also.

A SOLDIER OF THE WAR OF 1812.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office has issued a 160 acre land warrant in favor of Mr. George Peabody, the celebrated banker, for services in the war of 1812. He was a private in the well-remembered artillery corps of Georgetown, D. C., commanded by Major Peter.

GOLD MEDALS.—The Queen of Great Britain has commanded that a medal be granted to all persons of every rank and class who have been engaged in the several expeditions in the Arctic regions, whether of discovery or search, between the years 1818 and 1856 both inclusive.

MAD ANTHONY.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

DEAR SIR—Your admirable picture of the assault on Stony Point by General Wayne, induces me to send you the following anecdote of the celebrated hero which is extant in this region. The general was a great favorite with all who had served under him, and when it was known that he was to command the expedition against the Indians of the north-west, hundreds of his revolutionary comrades flocked to his standard and enlisted under his orders. There are those still living among us who remember Gen. Wayne when he took possession of this post. He was very partial to those who served under him in the Revolution, and they could always approach him with more familiarity than others could. Among these old pets was a somewhat antiquated dragon, extremely averse to labor. He refused to do any service in time of peace, and had no other ambition in days of quietness than to keep his horse's feet and his sword bright and sharp, ready for the fight. The general was subject to attacks of the gout, and at such times was cross and petulant, and it then required no light degree of courage to approach him. But the old dragon was never daunted by the general's temper. On one occasion when the general was particularly ill-natured from a severe attack, the old dragon had some favor to ask; approaching his room, he peeped in at the door, exclaiming—"Mad Anthony!" The general looked up and angrily ordered him to "be off, sir!" Off went the dragon. In a few minutes he returned, looked into the room, and shouted, "Mad Anthony, I say, sir!" The general looked at him and said, "Be off, you rascal, and don't trouble me!" Away went the dragon. In a short time he returned again to the charge, this time saying—"Mad Anthony, I say, sir, it is as hard getting a glass of grog out of you as it was to get into Stony Point with you!" This appeal told. "Waiter," said the general, "give that d—d rascal a glass of brandy, and send him off." The old dragon tossed off the liquor, and retired until he should again be in want of a drink of the general's brandy.

The above was communicated to the writer by an old resident, and one familiar with the scenes of Indian and frontier war.

Yours, &c.

JOHN READER.

Detroit, Feb. 27, 1857.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR—Allow me as a descendant of that revolutionary race to congratulate you in regard to your pictorial of the Battle of Stony Point. It is gratifying to my feelings, as indeed it ought to be to every American, to learn, even at this late day, the achievements of our revolutionary sires as being rescued from oblivion and placed upon the niche of Fame they so richly merit. No where does the history of the Revolution present a broader field for romance than Rockland County. Stony Point on the north, the scene of the brilliant exploit of Mad Anthony Wayne; the Ramapo Valley on the west, with its vast intrenchments still visible, where the Continental forces checked the progress of the haughty Britons in their contemplated junction through the State of New York with the army of Burgoyne. Rockland Lake, Nyack and Piermont, each suffered from the lawless incursions of bands of Tories and desperadoes, clothed with the authority and under the commission of Sir Henry Clinton, Governor General of New York. Who has not read of Tappan, memorable in history as the place of confinement and execution of Major André, noted for its being the "head quarters" of Gen. Washington and the encampment of the Continental army during the campaign and winter of 1779. Aye, here was Washington and Wayne, Lee and Lafayette, brave patriots in the sacred cause of Liberty, severing the ties of kindred and affection, to find perchance a "soldier's grave," far from home and friends. Every foot of ground is hallowed by some deed of heroism, of violence, conflagration or murder. Many a hearthstone was an altar of sacrifice, on which its inmates atoned for their patriotism with their life blood; many of its soldiers have paid for their love of liberty at the sacrifice of all that was near and dear on earth; the wedded wife and children of their bosom, murdered in cold blood by the inhuman minions of the mercenary King of England. The editor of the Rockland County Journal, a paper published in Nyack, gave a series of lectures on the Reminiscences of Rockland County. He has done much to snatch from oblivion some of the most brilliant and heroic achievements of its citizens that perhaps have adorned the page of any history in any age. The following is an extract: "In looking back on the scenes of the Revolution, something is every day lost to view. The curtain has dropped—the actors have nearly all disappeared—and little else remains on the mind but the moral de-nouement of the piece. I am aware that the varying scenes and imperfect sketches which form the subject of this history of our country may resemble a phantasmagoria rather than pencilings of men and of actions. But they will be exhibited upon a curtain stained with as noble blood as was ever shed in the cause of Freedom; and though the hand that holds the transparent glass be a feeble one, though faint the colors and indistinct the outlines—the personages and scenes are not fictitious or fanciful, but once stood gallantly forth, with drawn sword or leveled musket, relieved by a battle cloud rising from ground so near, that a cannon fired there at this moment would startle with its reverberations the peaceful echoes around us. Every incident connected with the early history of our country in which the valor of our forefathers was signally displayed, comes down to us with all the interest of self-love, and all the freshness of romance. We love to dwell, for reasons better felt than explained, on the deeds of our sires, and the times that tried their souls. There is something hallowed in the associations which gather around us, while reflecting on those instances of devotedness and chivalrous patriotism which distinguished their acts—a feeling of almost devotion. Too many of those deeds have gone down to oblivion—unhonored and unsung; and if perchance a fragment of the past is snatched from the grasp of time, it excites in us sentiments the more sacred from the lapse of years."

With great respect, your obedient servant,

CHAS. M. OBLINER.

Nyack, March 4, 1857.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT—1779

I. OLD HUDSON sleeps in placid rest beneath the burning sun, Beside him frowns the fortress black and grim with many a gun, With rock-built base and battlements reflected from his tide, And the English banner waving there, in stern, defiant pride.

II. Within that fortress' massy walls are full six hundred men; The only way approach is made is through a stagnant fen; The foe, exulting, scornful, cries, with self-complacent grin—"We only wish those Rebels venture Stony Point to win!"

III. Ah, little you know, unthinking foe, as there you laugh in pride, That wishes lightly spoken are too often gratified; Already has our General said, in calm, decided tone—"Ere dawn to-morrow Stony Point once more will be our own!"

IV. The sun has set—we stir not yet—the moment is not come—Hark! faint across the water steels the rolling of their drum; And now with orders stern and short, our General passes by—"Let not a gun be loaded, men—on bayonets rely."

V. The word is given—forward now, as silent as the dead—You'd scarcely hear the rustle of a leaf beneath our tread; The stagnant fen is broad and deep, with watchful guns beset; But now we've struggled through it, and were not discovered yet!

VI. Here, on the rocks above us, looms the fortress dark and still—Now upward, onward, rapidly, ye men of fearless will! O'er rocks, o'er dykes, o'er ditches, like winter winds we dash, When bursts the thunder-cloud at last with blinding, blasting flash!

VII. Then hails the hissing, iron shower, then roar the savage guns, But "Forward! forward!" shouts our chief—the foremost he outruns—Resistless is the fury that his burning words inspire, Though our men are falling thick and fast before that sheet of fire!

VIII. And, oh God, our General's fallen! we can hear his dying cry—"Bear me forward with my column, friends, for in that fort I'll die!" Hurrah! he's only wounded! let us at the foe again, Mid bursting bombs and cannons' roar and muskets' deadly aim!

IX. Already Knox and Gibbons have the highest ramparts won—"After them!" cries Stewart—in a moment all is done, For we charge them with the bayonet, while our cheers their cannons drown, And the haughty English banner gallant Flury has struck down!

X. Hurrah! hurrah! the works are cleared—hurrah! the fort's our own—"Now, English dogs, for many a deed of blood shall you atone!" "No, no!" cries Wayne, "the fort is won, no more blood must be shed; The fallen foe, full well you know, has naught from you to dread."

XI. Joy to thee, Pennsylvania! for he's thy gallant son; Joy to thee, Massachusetts! for he's laurels hast thou won; Joy, joy, United Colonies! how your patriot hearts shall swell As our glorious deed at Stony Point your quivering lips shall tell!

XII. God bless our noble WASHINGTON! God bless our native land! We'll still with hearts undaunted her fell enemies withstand; For 'tis as sure as Fate that we her freedom shall obtain, When led to fight by heroes like the dashing, peerless WAYNE!

ED. ROWE.

INAUGURATION TRIP OF THE NEW YORK HOWARD ENGINE CO. NO. 34.

THE Howard Engine Company No. 34, under the command of Charles Miller, Foreman, left this city on the afternoon of March 1st for Philadelphia, by the five o'clock train of the New Jersey Railroad. On the march down Broadway, the Company halted in front of the photographic establishment of Mr. Fredricks, where an immense photograph of the entire Company and their splendid engine was taken by Mr. Fredricks for our paper, after which the Company proceeded to the foot of Cortlandt street, and embarked on board the cars for Philadelphia, where it arrived at eleven o'clock P.M., and was received by Perseverance Hose Company No. 6, and Empire Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, and by them received and escorted through some of the principal streets of that city, to the house of Perseverance Hose Company, to which, "the Howards" were cordially welcomed by Major Peter Fritz, President of that Company, in a brief speech, in which he happily referred to the good feeling existing between the firemen of Philadelphia and New York; and at the conclusion of his remarks he was most warmly applauded by all present. At Baltimore, on Monday, the Company was enthusiastically received by the fire department. The following day its members spent in visiting the various public buildings in Baltimore under the escort of a delegation of the different fire companies of the city. In the afternoon there was a parade with the engine through most of the principal streets of Baltimore, preceded by the New Market Engine Company in full uniform. After the parade John N. Genin, Esq., the celebrated Broadway hatter, escorted the Company to the Gilmore House, where it partook of refreshments provided by that gentleman. In the evening by invitation of the New Market Company the Howards attended the Holiday Street Theatre, on entering which they were greeted with applause from all parts of the house. After the first part of the performance was concluded, Shelton's band appeared upon the stage of the theatre and performed some of their choice music, eliciting the most enthusiastic cheers of the entire audience.

On Wednesday at six o'clock the Howards arrived in Washington city, and were received by the Northern Liberty Engine Company No. 6. At ten o'clock the Company, under an escort, took its place in the inaugural procession which moved down Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol, where they witnessed the inauguration of James Buchanan as President of the United States. On the following day a very interesting interview took place between the Company and the Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator from California, who had been foreman of the Company, previous to his leaving for California, more than nine years ago.

Our crowded columns will not permit us to notice all the acts of splendid hospitality received by the gallant firemen of New York. On the return trip at Philadelphia Mayor Vaux welcomed the Company on the part of the municipal authorities of Philadelphia. The guests were introduced to his Honor by Major Peter Fritz. In a few words, Mayor Vaux then hospitably welcomed the visitors, and after suggesting that they had doubtless found the Fire Department of Philadelphia, the guests of a portion of which they had been, full of the amenities and courtesies of life, he alluded to their visit to Washington to witness the inauguration. His Honor dwelt on the splendor of that spectacle as indicative of the governmental theory of our country, and as a testimony of the glorious fact that in our country the proudest position may be attained by any citizen, regardless of rank, birth, or station. He remarked that their visit to the Hall of Independence was eminently appropriate, after witnessing those impressive inaugural ceremonies, as from this very Hall sprang the principles which lie at the foundation of our greatness, the full grandeur of which they had felt at the inauguration of James Buchanan. After a few words on the American pride which should animate our hearts as citizens, and the principles which should govern our actions, the Mayor closed by again welcoming them to the city of Philadelphia.

This address was responded to by Capt. James Turner in some felicitous remarks. On the arrival of the Howards in New York on Saturday evening, March 7th, after an absence of just one week, they were received with unusual honors by their brother firemen, the following companies uniting their welcome home:

Engine Company No. 44, with apparatus.

Band.

Howard Engine Company No. 34, with apparatus.

Band.

Manhattan Engine Company No. 8, with apparatus.

Hose Company No. 24, with carriage.

Hose Company No. 10, with carriage.

Band.

Oceanus Engine Company No. 11, with apparatus.

Perry Hose Company No. 23, with carriage.

Band.

Black Joke Engine Company No. 38, with apparatus.

Protection Engine Company No. 22, with apparatus.

Band.

Friendship Engine Company No. 12, with apparatus.

Hook and Ladder Company No. 12, with apparatus.

Clinton Hose Company No. 17, with carriage.

The scene preliminary to the formation of the procession was an animated one. Over a thousand firemen in costume were on the ground with their apparatus and torches, and hundreds more in citizens' dress. Upon the arrival of the boat from Jersey city with the Howard Company on board, cheer after cheer rent the air. After this welcome a procession was formed and the line of march taken up Cortlandt street to Broadway, through Fulton and Nassau streets, across the Park, up Broadway, and through Bleeker street to Christopher street, the quarters of the Company. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour at which the procession passed the streets were filled with people.

Our picture was taken while the Howard Company was standing in Broadway opposite Mr. Fredricks' Gallery of Art. The reader will recognize not only this fashionable place of resort, but also the entrance to Buckley's Opera House, and the Broadway fruit establishment so famous among a thousand good fellows because it is kept by John Babcock of popular memory.

TRIFLES.

A CLERGYMAN was rebuked by a brother of the cloth a few days ago for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."

As a gentleman was passing through a street in Newburyport, Mass., on Thursday night, he heard a noise in a house near by, which upon close attention, resolved itself into a voice urging passionate outcry, alternating with dolorous groans. Thinking that some terrible tragedy was being enacted, the gentleman rushed in to the rescue of the victim, when he found a six-foot-sixer with black mustaches, on his knees, sighing, groaning, and imploring for the hand and heart of a pretty lady who stood before him.

VEGETABLE EXQUISITENESS.—"Shall I help you to some of the tomatoes?" inquired a young exquisite of a venerable physician, as he sat opposite to him at one of our mortal tables. "No, sir, I thank you," replied the learned savor, "but I'll trouble you for some of the potatoes, if you please."

THE NEW CENT.—Somebody speaking of the new cent, says: "They are a beautiful coin, all but the eagle, and he seems to be going somewhere in a desperate hurry, probably because he is on a new (c) cent."

The fellow who is courting Miss Demeanor thinks very seriously of breaking off the engagement.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

A member of the Irish Parliament met the reproach of selling his country by "thanking God that he had a country to sell."

Marriage is designated a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb upon most people.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge and cannot keep it.

Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend.

"What is papa?" said the "parient," in order to draw out the processional reply.

"Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile.

"I declare," said Old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment."

CHESS.

All Chess communications should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOS. M. BROWN, Newark.—A game by correspondence is decidedly one of our favorite avocations. We will be happy to play as many as you please over the board at Limburger's. We are decidedly of opinion that a player cannot call for another King when he pushes a Pawn to the eighth square. The letter of the law would seem to warrant it; but the whole spirit of the game is adverse to such an anomaly. Problems received—that is, your own; not the one by "a little girl." Did you enclose it?

SUGMA, Boston.—Solution to Problem LXVII. correct.

E. B. C., Hoboken.—We publish for your consideration to-day, as well as for the consideration of others, a reply to your communication published on the 7th ultimo, from no less a personage than Von de Lasa himself. What say you to it?

C. F. HOWARD, Boston.—It is of course impossible to say which was the best player, Philidor or La Bourdonnais, as they never played together. Each may be considered as the leader of a distinct school. Philidor as the leader of those who consider Pawn play as "the soul of chess"—La Bourdonnais, of those who, discarding Philidor's idea of establishing two Pawns in the centre of the board, and then bending all the energies to force one of them to Queen, give their whole attention to attacks upon the adverse King, with the view of mating at once with the pieces before the Pawns can reach the eighth squares. Each theory has its advocates. Our own opinion is that Philidor's theory is the sounder and more beautiful, and therefore to be adopted in match games, while the other is more brilliant and tempting, and therefore, perhaps, more interesting in ordinary games. It is well known that an attack intrinsically unsound often succeeds from its boldness alone. The gambits on the King's side are striking illustrations of this, the attacks in men succeeding in three cases out of five, as a general rule, even between players of first force.

W. S., Milwaukee.—Mr. Fuller has left the Chess editorial chair of this paper. The present Editor is unable to give you the desired information. He would be glad, however, to publish the games referred to by you.

EUGENE G. LA RUE, New York.—Problem received, but not yet examined.

JAMES REEA, Utica.—Diagrams sent as requested.

S. G. STUDLEY, Hingham.—We are sorry to say we are unable to furnish you with the back numbers of last year.

BERLIN, Feb. 20, 1857.

SIR: I have to thank you for the regular transmission of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which the editors of the *Schachzeitung* receive every week. In my present stay at Berlin I have just seen your number of February 1st. It contains some queries respecting the *passer battaglia* of the Pawns, and bearing upon the question discussed at great length in the earliest numbers of the Berlin chess paper and in 1854, whether a Pawn is ever obliged to take *en passant*. The conclusion of the German and French players has in general been positively affirmative on that point, whilst it seems that the amateurs of the English tongue do not admit of any obligation for the Pawn. As for myself I have adopted in my own writings, as well as in Billner's Handbook, the expression of capturing immediately after the passage of the Pawn, instead of taking the Pawn *under its passage*. I now come to the queries of Mr. E. B. C.: 1. Where is a Pawn when it is passing? The Pawn always reaches the fourth square, and may cover there a check given by the adverse Bishop. 2. If on the fourth move, what does it pass when at rest there? I agree with your correspondent. The expression of *en passant* is improper and somewhat poetical. 3. Can a Pawn, in passing, be at rest? No. You are not stopped in the middle of your move. The Pawn is only taken—in an anomalous way—when the move is completed. 4. Can a Pawn, in passing, give stalemate? The second player, as long as there is a move for him to be made, can't declare himself to have been stalemated. He is obliged to take the passed Pawn, since there exists a possibility for him to do so. 5. Can a piece, in capturing, place itself upon a square which the captured piece is not upon? No piece moving forward and backward can do so; but the Pawn that only goes forward can. All the movements of the Pawn are anomalous when compared to the moves of the other pieces. Such is likewise the case with the privilege of capturing the passed Pawn, as if it had made but one step. 6. Is already answered. I have given you here my opinions, but I know that many play so do not approve of them. The editors of the Berlin *Schachzeitung* are ready to give you, in return for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, a copy of their Review, if you would name any bookseller (in London, for instance, or in New York) through whom it might be forwarded. Believe me, yours respectfully,

VON DE LASA,
Conseiller de la Légation de Prusse à la Haye.

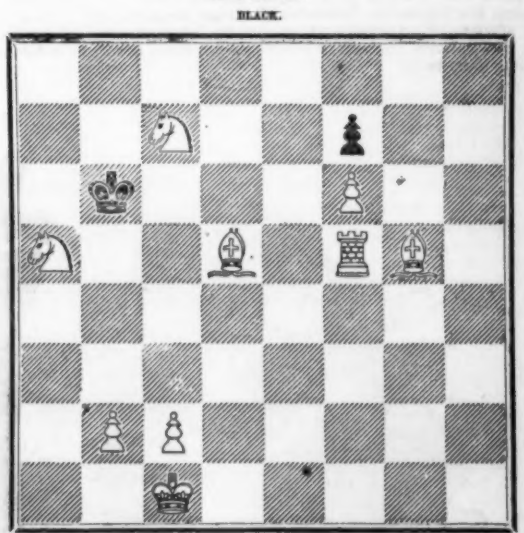
VON DE LASA, Berlin.—We have with pleasure placed the Berliner *Schachzeitung* upon our exchange list, and will send our paper through the mail. Will the editors of the *Schachzeitung* please do the same?

DEAR SIR: Allow me, through your column, to return my grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Eugene B. Cook for the very ingenious problem lately dedicated to me. If we were as certainly assured that our best players could compare as favorably with the Von de Lasas, the Andersens, the Petroffs, &c., of Europe, as we feel convinced that our Cooks, Loyds and Julens will lose nothing in a comparison with the best European problem makers, we might indeed be proud of our American chess fraternity.

Very truly yours,

N. MARACHE.

PROBLEM LXIX.—By J. H. G., Jr.—White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME LXIX.—(ALLGAIER GAMBIT)—An unusually spirited consultation game between Messrs. MILLER and HAZELTINE on the one side, and Messrs. FINKE and WRIGHTMAN on the other—all of the N. Y. Club.

| BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| Messrs. M. & H. | Messrs. F. & W. | Messrs. M. & H. | Messrs. F. & W. |
| 1 P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 14 Q Kt to Q 2 | Q B to K B 4 |
| 2 P to K B 4 | P takes B P | 15 Q to K 2 | B to K B 3 |
| 3 K Kt to B 3 | P to K Kt 4 | 16 P to K B 5 (a) | B to B 2 |
| 4 P to K R 4 | P to K 5 | 17 Castles Q R | B takes K B P |
| 5 K Kt to K 5 | P to K R 4 | 18 Q R to K sq | B takes Kt 3 |
| 6 P to Q 4 (a) | P to Q 3 | 19 K Kt to K B 4 | Castles Q R (d) |
| 7 K Kt to Q 5 | P to K B 2 | 20 P to K 5 (e) | P takes K P |
| 8 P takes B P | K B to K 2 | 21 B takes Q Kt | K P takes B |
| 9 Q B to K Kt 5 | B takes Q B | 22 Q to her R 6 (ch) | K to Kt sq |
| 10 P takes K B | Q takes Kt P | 23 Q R to K 6 (f) | Q to her 2 |
| 11 P to K B 4 | Q to K 2 | 24 Q Kt to K B 4 | K R to K sq |
| 12 K B to Kt 2 | Q Kt to B 3 | 25 Q Kt to R 5 | |
| 13 P to Q B 3 | K Kt to B 3 (b) | | |

and White surrendered at discretion.

NOTES TO GAME LXIX.

(a) White here complained that their opponents made a bad and irregular move. They expected K B to Q B 4, which is the legitimate.

(b) All this looks very much like White's gradually getting a counter-attack.

(c) Black are a move behind, which it is imperative on them to regain at once. They now boldly pit a Pawn against three moves of the adverse B, and in this time re-establish their game. Viewing it in this light, the performance of the white gentleman in canonicals will appear more showy than useful.

(d) Highly injudicious! They jump into their own immediate difficulties.

(e) The turning point. They vigorously make the most of their opponent's weakness, and push their own attack. White cannot now escape some loss.

(f) The coup just. This secures them the victory.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXIX.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| 1 Q takes Kt | P takes Q |
| 2 P to Kt's 8, making a Kt | P to Q 5 |
| 3 Kt to K 7 | K takes Kt P |
| 4 Kt to Q B 6 Mate. | |

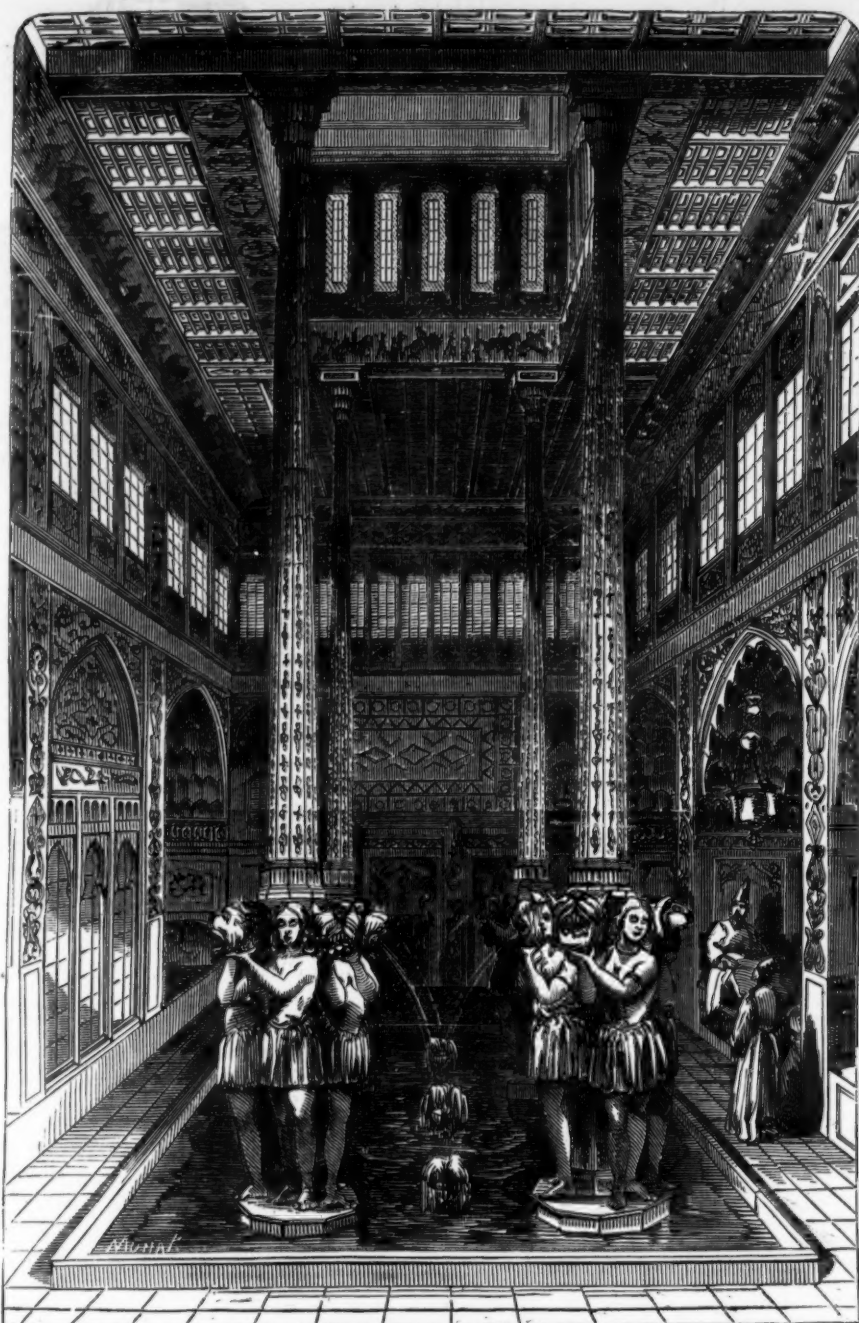
PERSIAN MANNERS AND PERSIAN ARCHITECTURE.

The interest Persia is attracting at this time will make the following sketches of Persian manners and Persian architecture of more than usual interest:

The palace of Kalnet Serponchideh, and the inner court of the Grand Mosque at Ispahan, represented in our illustrations, are of a class of buildings exceedingly numerous in Persia. They exhibit the peculiar characteristics of all the Persian arts, their architecture, their sculpture, their painting; for they are reared in a style of massive splendor, they have been enriched by the carver's hand, they blaze with a thousand brilliant colors. On the walls are represented the heroic adventures of Ferhand and Merin, with the battles and victories of the illustrious kings of Persia, of Shah Abbas the Great, and of the still greater Nadir Shah. The ancient palaces of Ctesiphon and Persepolis, as well as the more modern structures in Ispahan, Teheran, and Shiraz, abound in mural illustrations of this character. The hereditary nobles, not less than the princes of the empire, inhabit vast buildings of palatial beauty, with fountains, courts, mosaic pavements, sculptured columns, roofs of burning brightness, and apartments sweet with perfume, and furnished in the most sumptuous and luxurious style, with silk cushions, Turkey carpets, rugs of the finest wool, and gilded lattices shading the unglazed windows. They are usually constructed upon one principle—a central court or public hall, with a fountain playing in the midst, opening into various ranges of apartments. The engraving above represents the central hall of the gorgeous palace of Kalnet Serponchideh, in Persia proper. The roof is deeply coppered; the walls glitter with mirrors and paintings; at the further end is a luxurious recess, fitted up with soft carpets and cushioned divans; in the foreground the columnar decorations are characteristically sculptured.

The Persian is usually a remarkably handsome man, brave, hospitable, extremely patient in adversity, insinuating in his demeanor, but proud and cruel. His dress consists of a long robe, descending to his feet, and a high cap, round which a shawl is wound. Around his waist he wears a handsome sash, in which a dagger is stuck, while, by the side, hangs a sword. He regards his beard as a mark of beauty and wisdom. To touch it is an insult, which is almost invariably followed by the instant death of the offender. The Persian woman, often exquisitely beautiful, wears a linen or silken chemise, an embroidered vest, and an ample pair of velvet trousers. On her head is a large black turban, over which a shawl of cashmere is gracefully thrown. In cold weather she adds a close bodied garment, glittering with gold and gems.

The Persians do not recline on cushions, but sit upright on felt-covered seats, or sofas, although they provide exquisitely luxurious divans and couches for their lovely and much petted Georgian slaves. They rise with the sun, pray, take a cup of coffee with some fruit, chat with their friends, or transact business, until eleven o'clock; then breakfast, retire to the apartments of their women, and, about nine in the evening, dine, drink and smoke. Afterwards they either listen to a male story-teller in the central apartment of the house, or palace, or order some soft-voiced girl, from Georgia or Circassia, to relate a tale, or some bright-eyed stranger from Arabia, to touch her dulcimer, and beguile the hour with a slow warbled song. Story-telling is so much the fashion in Persia that the king keeps a story-teller expressly to amuse his leisure hours. This person is commanded, on pain of severe punishment, never to relate the same story twice.



THE PALACE OF KALNET SERPONCHIDEH.

ABDALLAH'S TALE.

Abdallah was a prosperous barber of Shiraz. He married a woman of surpassing beauty, but excessively vain, so that his whole sub-

stance was consumed in providing her with dresses, trinkets, and the luxuries of a miniature harem.

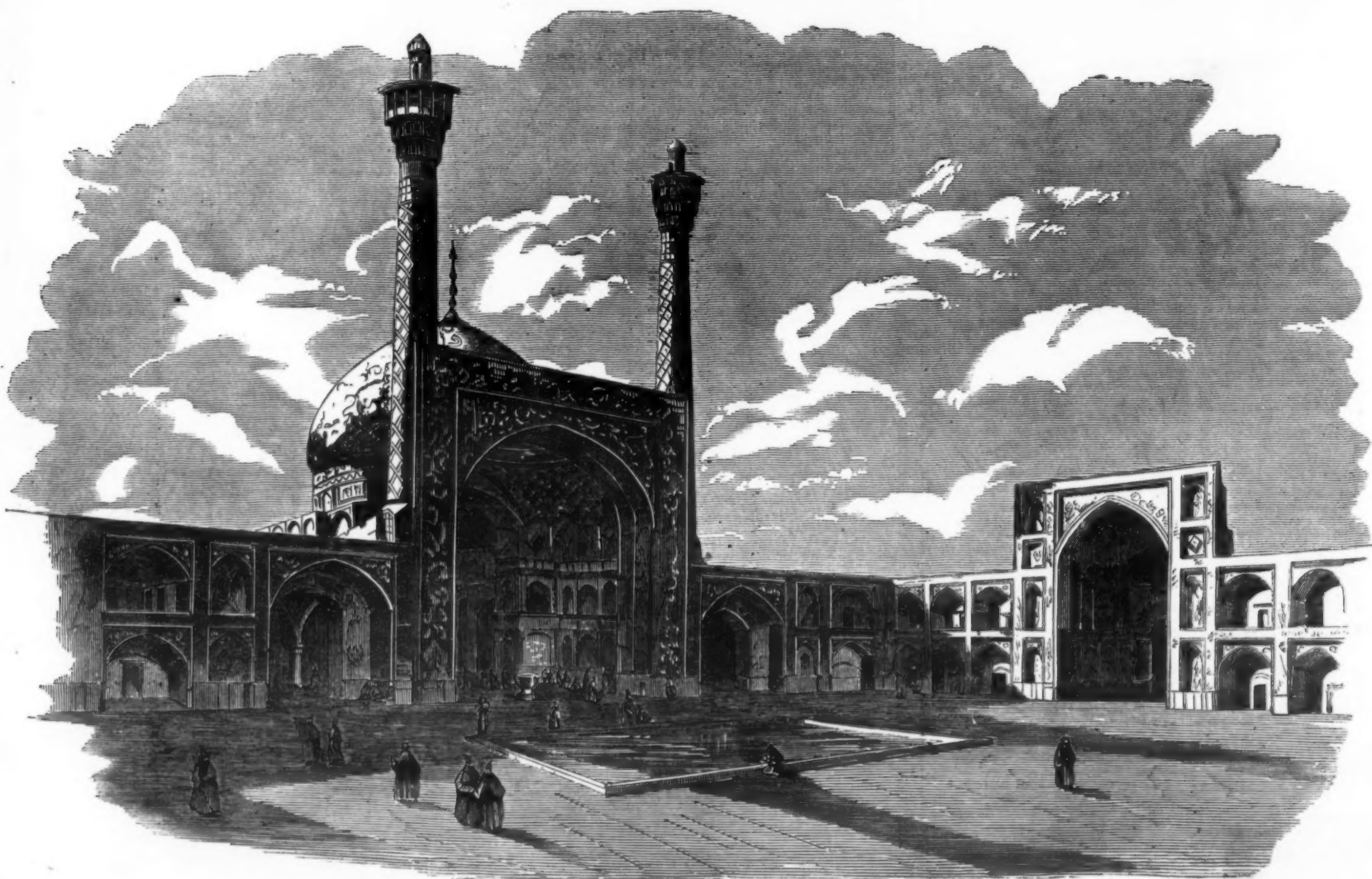
Above all other women, the wife of Hassan, the king's astrologer, was envied by the wife of Abdallah, the unostentatious barber; for this lady affected great grandeur, and could afford it, on account of the large salary and handsome presents bestowed upon her husband.

One day the discontented beauty announced to Abdallah that she would no longer continue to live with him, unless he gave up the miserable business of barber, and adopted that of astrology. In vain did he represent to her that trimming beards was his habit, while of astrological predictions he knew nothing; she insisted, and the unfortunate man, infatuated by affection, resolved to obey.

So, observing the eccentric practices of the astrologers, he took a brass basin and a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and, smiting his basin, cried aloud that he would calculate nativities, predict the events of the future, detect thieves, and recover lost property. His neighbors were astonished, and one and all said: "Abdallah, the barber, is certainly mad!" But it chanced that a certain lady, returning from the bath, walked through the bazaar with her veil torn; she appeared in great distress, and, upon hearing the cry of Abdallah, sent one of her slaves to him with this message: "If you are an impostor, my husband shall cause you to be bastinadoed; if you are really an astrologer, inform me where I shall find a necklace of pearls which I have lost this day." Poor Abdallah, bewildered, gazed upon the lady, and in the hope of gaining time to invent an answer, said, "She can will the pearls, when they are near, for the veil is torn!" These words were reported to her by the slave, and she uttered a cry of joy. "Admirable prophet," she exclaimed, "I placed my pearls, for safety, in a rent that is in the veil of the bath," and she ordered Abdallah to be presented with forty gold pieces. Now it should be known that in the Persian baths there are screens, the name of which is the same as the native word for "veil." So Abdallah, by a lucky accident of speech, had not only saved himself from the bastinado, but had gained forty pieces of gold.

At length another lady, the wife of the king's treasurer, made her appearance, and just at that moment a messenger from the treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the bazaar, and spoke to him. The lady stood close by and listened. "Abdallah," said the slave, "my master has lost the king's great ruby; if thou hast the wisdom of the stars, thou canst find it; if not, thou art a pretender, and I will assuredly cause thee to be bastinadoed." This time the unfortunate barber was at his wit's end. "O woman!" he exclaimed, "thou art author of this." He meant his own wife, but the wife of the treasurer, who stood by, imagined he referred to her. Guilt is always pale, the poet says. She herself had stolen the king's ruby, and believed that the astrologer was aware of the crime. So when the messenger had departed, leaving the barber petrified with perplexity, she approached him, and said, in a soft tone, "O astrologer! I confess that, in an hour of avarice, I took the jewel. Restore it, without sending me to condemnation!" Abdallah sternly replied, "Woman, I knew thy guilt. Where is the jewel?" She answered, "Under the fourth cushion from the door, in the apartment of Kashem, my lord's Georgian slave." Abdallah hastened to the palace, was rewarded with a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces, and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed once more. The king's treasury had been broken open, and forty chests of money had been carried away. Not a trace of the thieves (Concluded on page 287)



INNER COURT OF THE GRAND MOSQUE AT ISPAHAN.

THE REV. CHARLES SPURGEON.

THE MODERN WHITFIELD.

HIS ORIGIN.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, the subject of our sketch, was born at Kelvedon, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1834. His father, Mr. John Spurgeon, was, and is now for aught that we know to the contrary, a clerk in the office of Mr. Mann, a merchant at Colchester, and preaches on the Sunday at the Independent Chapel at Follisbury. His son Charles, the popular preacher, was educated at the school of Mr. Henry Lewis, of Colchester; subsequently he went to the Agricultural College at Maidstone for a year, afterwards as a teacher at a school at Newmarket, and from thence as usher to Mr. Leedham of Cambridge. At school he showed no remarkable signs of talent, and when he left could not devote much time to study, as in addition to his duties of usher he very soon had preaching engagements. His first settlement as a minister was at Waterbeach, Cambridge, where he soon became very popular; and it was from this place that he was allured to New Park Street Baptist Chapel at Southwark, London, by the deacons and managers, who were in want of a popular man to fill their deserted pews. Every Sunday did they look over their "beggarly account of empty boxes," and sigh at the remembrance of old times, until at length the bruit of this young man's fame reached them. The style of his preaching was very different to the old sobrieties of Dr. Rippon and his successors; and moreover, he was "o'er young" to undertake a "London charge;" but, after due consideration, the invitation was sent, and the tyro "came, saw and conquered."

THE CAUSE.

His popularity is unprecedented; at all events there has been nothing like it since the days of Wesley and Whitfield. Park Street Chapel cannot hold half the people that crowd to hear him; Exeter Hall is quite too small, and even the Concert Room at the Surrey Gardens, the largest room in London, and holding some twelve thousand persons, is filled every service to overflowing. Nor is his popularity confined to London; in Scotland, says a correspondent, he is very much followed, and lately we saw on a week day, in a remote agricultural district, long lines of people, all converging to one point; and on inquiring of one of the party where they were going, received for answer, "We're goin' to hear Master Spudgin, sir."

Notwithstanding what all the critics may say, there is a depth in Mr. Spurgeon that the most of them cannot reach or understand. What is the secret of his power? Mr. Spurgeon has one of the finest voices perhaps in England for addressing a large multitude; he has great facility in expressing his meaning, his fancy is quick and ranges on the level of human things, his manner gives full effect to all he says, his style is forcible, homely and pointed, his thoughts as the rule are just, often striking and sometimes beautiful; but there is something more than all this. Mr. Spurgeon is pre-eminently a man of heart and thoroughly unaffected and natural. The preacher evidently is intent not on himself but on his audience. He centralises all his mind in theirs. You never hear him but what he is aiming to get hold of them. He does not care to display his taste or his oratory but to make it tell: power over his audience is his object, and therefore he attains it. We have heard of humor, puns, almost jokes in some of his discourses, but we are bound to state that to us they seem honest in purpose, sometimes, the mere by-play of an active fancy, sometimes that natural tendency to blend humor with the most solemn occasions, and which the great bard of Avon so often illustrates; indeed he would not speak as he felt if amidst the most serious things the contrast of humor did not sometimes creep out.

His style is conversational. That mode, after all, is the most effective scheme of addressing a multitude. He looks to the many thousands that attend his services as if they were a number of friends around a family hearth, with whom he is to talk for an hour. He is not a great orator, perhaps, but he is a great talker. Indeed it is from the possession of this gift, first brought out in talking to the children of the Sunday school where he was teacher, that his great power consists.

His success, measured from the true standpoint, has been very great. The principal number of conversions has been among the

working classes around New Park street Chapel, prominent among whom are those connected with the celebrated brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co. When Mr. Spurgeon became minister of this chapel, nearly three years ago, the communicants numbered but 250; now they number 874, and large additions are being made every month. Of this large increase it is satisfactory to know that less than sixty have been received from other places: the mass have been admitted from the world, and were never communicants before. Sunday and day schools have been established with good success, the number of scholars being upward of 240; beside which there is a Sunday evening service for children, and a Tuesday evening service, at which the attendance ranges from sixty to 160, mostly working men.

THE ACCIDENT.

Exeter Hall having been found too small for the crowd, the Surrey Music Hall (the largest place in or near London) was hired by the managers for a few Sunday evenings. It was during the service on Sunday evening, October 19th, that an alarm of fire was raised. The building was densely crowded, and the result which followed the alarm was frightful. Men and women crowded against and upon each other in a fearful panic, and before the excitement could be quelled, several were dead and a large number injured.

THE MODERN WHITFIELD.

He has not those mighty gifts and graces of rhetoric which, in Whitfield, enchanted, as we have seen, the courtier not less than they arrested the sinner. His mental power, in many of its directions, is of a larger sweep than Whitfield's; and his moral force does not seem to be inferior, but, as we have often had occasion to know, the power of vision will frequently interfere with the power of speech; the possession of many faculties, balanced and equalized, prevents the intense development of any one, and so frequently the absence of power in the mental perceptions sometimes quickens and accelerates the force of moral or even of animal enthusiasm. No remark is more common than that the sermons of George Whitfield are barren of any special mental brilliance of any kind; not so, however, with our youthful preacher, and we will venture to say that their efficiency is of a higher and a better order.

WILL HIS POPULARITY LAST?

This question is repeatedly asked; we answer: Why not? There is apparently no strain in the production of these discourses, they bear every appearance of being on the whole spontaneous talkings. Indeed, Mr. Spurgeon is a great talker, and therein, we think, lies one great reason of his popularity. The preacher speaks from the full and overflowing spring within him, and speaks, besides his usual Sunday services, nearly every day of the week. His power of spontaneous speech is now-a-days marvellously unusual. Our preacher's fulness and readiness is to our minds a guarantee that



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. CHAS. SPURGEON, LONDON, ENGLAND. PHOTOGRAPHED BY COX.

he will wear, and not wear out. His present amazing popularity may subside, but he will still be followed; and what he is now, we prophesy he will on the whole remain.

We shall not look to him for long and stately argument, original and profound thought, nor clear and lucid criticism; but for bold and convincing statements of Evangelical truth, a faithful grappling with convictions, happy and pertinent illustrations, graphic descriptions, and searching common sense.

HIS APPEARANCE.

The accompanying engraving from a photograph by Cox, of London, will give a better idea of Mr. Spurgeon's personal appearance, than we can express by words. His back is broad and his skin is thick, and he can, we fancy, bear a great deal without wincing. Little more than twenty-two years of age, he is the topic and theme of remark now in every part of England and Scotland, and severe as some of his castigations are, he returns their castigation frequently with a careless, downright, hearty good will. Beyond a doubt the lad is impudent—very impudent—were he not, he could not at such an age be where he is, or what he is. We were greatly amazed as we stood at his chapel doors, waiting to enter, to see him as he came and passed along to the vestry, repeatedly lift his hat and bow again and again to his waiting auditors; there was so much audacious, good-natured simplicity both in the act itself and in the face of the actor, that we could not help smiling right heartily; it was evident he was not indisposed to appropriate to himself a considerable amount of personal homage. His face is not coarse, but there is little refinement in it; it is a square face; his forehead is square; we were wishing, albeit we are no phrenologist, that it had evinced more benevolence of character. But there is good nature in the face, something which looks even on so youthful a countenance like *bonhomie*; and that he is in earnest we cannot for a moment doubt.

HIS SERMONS

are said to be coarse and vulgar, and all sorts of opinions have been expressed concerning them. But *Tait's Magazine* says: "The series of discourses, published weekly during the past year, are remarkable additions to ecclesiastical literature, especially when we remember that they form a portion of their author's weekly work."

It is impossible to say that they have not blemishes—and some of them important; yet it is just as impossible to say that any young man in his twenty-third year could be expected to have attained greater skill in his profession than they exhibit. One thing is certain, that among his twelve thousand hearers there are no sleepers. Nodding is not seen in New Park Street Chapel or Exeter Hall."

The first sermons of Mr. Spurgeon published in America were brought out by the publishing house of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, during the past summer, and have already met with a large sale. Mr. Spurgeon has lately designated them as his American publishers, and under his sanction they have now ready a second series of sermons, thoroughly revised and selected, containing in addition Mr. Spurgeon's preface and an excellent steel portrait. We bespeak for them a large sale.

THE VICTORIA CROSS—NEW (ENGLISH) ORDER OF VALOR.

THIS new decoration recently adopted by the British Government as a reward for heroic services, we present in our engraving. It consists of a Maltese cross, formed from the cannon captured from the Russians. In the centre of the cross is the Royal crown, surmounted by the lion, and below it a scroll bearing the words, "For Valor." The ribbon is blue for the Navy, and red for the Army. On the clasp are two bunches of laurel; and from it, suspended by a Roman V, hangs the cross. As it is of but little monetary value, and is given to non-commissioned officers and to the file, we presume, like the Crimean medal, it will be very little appreciated, and after serving for a few days as a toy, will then be pledged at the nearest pawnbroker's shop for money to buy bread or a mug of beer.

RECENTLY a negro, the property of Mr. Hatcher, of Laurens co., Ga., informed his master of a singular bank of deposit in which he invested his spare change. He confessed that he had, during three days, swallowed twenty-five gold dollars, which he had stolen.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE REV. CHAS. SPURGEON WAS BORN, KELVEDON, ESSEX, ENGLAND.

THE LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Europa left Liverpool on Saturday the 14th ult.; her news is consequently one week later than that received by the Africa. She brings news of her own arrival at Liverpool on Sunday, the 8th ult., and also reports the arrival at Liverpool on the morning of the 13th of the screw steamship Anglo Saxon, from Portland, Maine.

The screw steamship Circassian, which left Liverpool on the 7th ult., for Portland, via St. John's, Newfoundland and Halifax, had just put back in distress.

Spain continued her preparations for the invasion of Mexico, and was endeavoring to secure the influence of France and England in keeping the United States in a neutral attitude.

Nothing had occurred to change the complexion of the Chinese question. The United States mail steamship Arago, Captain Lines, from Havre and Southampton, arrived last evening with advices from England to March 11.

The Arago brings 105 passengers, the usual mails, \$140,000 in specie, and 500 tons of merchandise.

Amongst the passengers by the Arago are Hon. E. G. Squier, and Signor Leo Alvarado, chargé d'affaires for Honduras to the United States.

The defeat of the Palmerston government on the China question is the chief topic of discussion in the continental journals. All parties manifest surprise, and joy is felt in those quarters where the name of Palmerston or the liberal institutions of England are feared or hated.

A letter from Jaddy, in Moldavia, dated February 21, announces the commencement of the evacuation of the province by foreign troops. The second Conference on the Neuchâtel question was held in Paris on the 7th inst. The Prussian Minister was introduced, and explained the views entertained by his government, which are said to be more moderate than was expected.

The public library at Liverpool is to be founded on the 15th of April, at a cost of £20,000, the whole of which sum is given by Mr. William Brown, M.P.

The firm of Messrs. Dodge, Bacon & Co., merchants and patentees of India rubber cloth, had suspended, in consequence of the non-arrival of remittances expected by the American mail on the 9th. Their liabilities are stated to be upwards of £100,000. The house has an establishment in America, at Newark, New Jersey.

A wealthy Greek shipowner at Marseilles has been sentenced to three years imprisonment, a fine of 3,000 francs, and interdiction from civil rights for ten years, for having fraudulently insured a ship after he had received intelligence of her loss.

The Police Court of Paris gave judgment on the 7th instant, in the case of the Directors of the Docks Napoleon and M. Arthur Berryer, Government Commissioner, accused of fraudulently appropriating to themselves the funds of the company. M. Orsi was acquitted. Cousin was sentenced to imprisonment for three years, and to pay a fine of 5,000 francs; Arthur Berryer, two years and 5,000 francs; Legendre, one year and 5,000 francs; Duchenne de Vere, six months and 2,000 francs, and all to refund the sums fraudulently appropriated.

The Mermald, from Melbourne, December 16, arrived at London, on the 10th of March. The price of gold was firm, with an upward tendency. After presiding as Speaker in the House of Commons for eighteen years, to the satisfaction of all parties, Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the 9th inst., announced his intention to retire from the office at the close of the present Parliament. On the following day Lord Palmerston moved the thanks of the House to the honorable gentleman and an address to the Crown, praying some special recognition of his services; both of which resolutions were unanimously agreed to. Subsequently a pension of £4,000 was voted to Mr. Lefevre.

The Madrid Gazette announces that the provincial militia will return to their homes so soon as the recruits of the approaching conscription shall have joined their regiments.

The London Court of Common Council, at a special meeting convened for that purpose on the 9th instant, passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry, and thanks to them for their foreign policy, by a majority of 39 votes against 13. Great preparations are making in England to send out troops, &c., to China. The Europa's commercial advices come down to the evening of Friday, 18th instant, and represent a quiet cotton market without any material change in prices or feeling since the departure of the Africa, on the 7th instant. The sales of the week foot up about 43,000 bales.

The market for breadstuffs continued extremely dull, and quotations were nearly nominal. No considerable sales could be effected, except at a material decline from the prices current for some weeks past.

The market for provisions continued quiet but steady, at about former rates.

The London money market was somewhat more stringent, but the price of consols remained as per advices by the Africa, to wit—98½ for money.

The Earl of Elgin has accepted the office of Plenipotentiary to the Court of Berlin, and will proceed thither as soon as he has been made sufficiently acquainted with the views of her Majesty's Government.

FRANCE.—The Neuchâtel Conference progressed but slowly. The next meeting would be held on the 14th inst. The Prussian Minister was waiting for instructions. The statement of the Bank of France for the month of February shows a cash increase of 23,464,000 francs, and an increase in the branch banks of 3,472,000 francs. The Post's Paris correspondent states that an exchange of notes had taken place on the Chinese difficulty between England and France, and that the best understanding existed with reference to the joint operations. Advices received speak favorably of the appearance of the crops in Normandy.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor Francis Joseph had returned to Vienna.

SPAIN.—The country was tranquil. Preparations for an expedition against Mexico continued, but the final opinion of the Government had not transpired. It is thought probable that the operations will be limited to a blockade and bombardment of Vera Cruz, and will not extend to the landing of a military force, which the dangers of the country and the climate might render hazardous. The Espana, the Government organ, demands that France and England shall call on the United States to remain neutral. It was reported that the Emperor Napoleon had offered to act as a mediator on the part of Spain. In the meantime French ships are ordered to cruise off Vera Cruz. Another report was that France and England had declined the request of Spain that they should guarantee the protection of Cuba in the event of hostilities. A special Mexican Minister, Señor Laraguna, is said to have arrived at Southampton en route to Mexico, to arrange the difficulty. Meantime the war programme is to bring Santa Anna from his retirement and lend him aid to capture Vera Cruz. Gen. Concha is named for the command of the expedition to Mexico.

RUSSIA.—News from Circassia had been received to the effect that the Circassians had again beaten the Russians on the banks of the Laba, and that the Russians were driven over the river with a loss of 400 men, four pieces of cannon and all their baggage. The Russians were seeking to take possession of the Chulita, and its sovereign had demanded the interposition of the Sultan. A Russian corps of 3,000 men had been received with enthusiasm at Tauris. The Russian army destined to act against the Afghans had been reinforced. Russia is seeking to occupy the Khannate of Khokand with a view to the extension of its frontier to the English possessions. The Sovereign of Bokara, alarmed at these projects of invasion on the part of Russia, has solicited the mediation of the Sultan, to secure the independence of Khokand.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO.—The Sultan has presented to France the Church of the Nativity; also the Palace of Knights of St. John, at Jerusalem. Prince Edward of Saxo Weimar is a candidate for the throne of the united Principality. The British government favors his claim.

There had been a change in the Ministry at Egypt. Achmet Pasha takes the Department of the Interior, Abdul Halim Pasha the Department of War, and Mustapha Bey the Finance Department.

PERU.—The intelligence from Bushire is to January 23. The health of the British force was good and the supplies were plentiful. No further operations had taken place, except that Colonel Jacobs had sailed for the Persian Gulf with one thousand cavalry and a regiment of infantry.

INDIA.—The advices from Bombay are to the 6th of February; from Calcutta to the 7th, and from Madras to the 15th. The conferences between the British Commissioner, Mr. Lawrence, and Bost Mahomed were closed on the 28th of January, and the letter had returned to Calcutta. The Bombay money market was easier and imports steady. Exchange 2s. 1½d. At Calcutta exchange was 2s. 2½d. The new five per cent. loan was progressing very slowly.

News has been received from Vera Cruz (Mexico) to the 6th inst. San Luis Potosi remained quiet. Gen. Blacarran was still threatening Guadalajara, and only awaiting the arrival of reinforcements in order to issue his pronouncement. A anti-Comofort outbreak had taken place at Iguala. The rebels entered the town, and having shot the Mayor and four or five other citizens, marched on Tuxpan. The Indians had committed dreadful outrages on Jalisco and Durango. General Yanes was to watch any filibusters from California closely, and repel any attempt made on Sonora or Lower California.

Also from St. Domingo City to the 24 inst. President Bac had delivered a message to the Senate, in which he announced that an armistice, which would endure for two years, had been entered into with the Emperor Souleouque of Hayti. Ex-President Santana, having been refused an asylum on the island of Martinique by the Governor, was re-landed at San Domingo, where the French Vice-Admiral (Guedon) took him on board his ship until he received further orders from the Emperor Napoleon. To this the representatives of Spain, England and France had consented. Negotiations had been opened at Madrid, with respect to the difficulty with regard to the naturalization of Spaniards. It was thought that the question would be settled by an extension of the period of residence now required to obtain the rights of citizenship.

Our correspondents in Havana, writing on the 17th inst., state that the inaugural address of President Buchanan had satisfied the Americans, of all shades of politics, residing on the island. The Spaniards did not comprehend some of the concluding paragraphs of the paper, whilst the Creoles thought there was enough said and more intended. A large enough supply of fresh fish from Key West, under the new executive decree, enabled the people to observe Lent comfortably. Two new theatres are about to be put up, in order that the high prices paid for the use of the Tacón may be reduced. Thirty thousand dollars had been realized by the charity bazaar. The Spanish bark Eulalia had been burned. The guano commission reported very favorably on the deposits at the Jardanelles and adjacent keys. A trading company, with one million dollars capital, would soon ship the article. It may now be exported on payment of five dollars per ton into the royal treasury. Sugars continued to advance. Exchange was improving, with heavy arrivals of specie. From Peru we learn that the revolutionists under Vivanco are making but little progress. They had, however, captured the brig of war Guisnes, in the

harbor of Callao. It was reported that President Castilla had contracted with some Yankees to do his fighting, but this probably is an old rumor revived. Meantime, vessels are loading guano under permits from Gen. Vivanco—who is badly in want of funds—at from \$18 to \$25 per ton, and even a less sum. The report upon the guano trade shows that, in eleven months of 1855, the total amount of the fertilizer exported was 256,981 tons register, which produced to the treasury \$8,501,097. Of this, 228,124 tons, of 2,240 pounds, went to England; 18,985 to France; 70,429 tons to the United States; 1,929 tons to Asia; and 9,422 tons to Spain.

In 1856 the total production was \$8,352,445. Of this amount 170,400 tons went to England; 98,708 to the United States; and 13,480 to France. Total net proceeds in two years, \$16,665,442.

ARMY.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, NEW YORK, March 2, 1857.

The following movements of troops have been indicated by the War Department, and will be carried into effect without unnecessary delay. Marching routes will be embraced in special instructions to the commanders of the Department of the West and the Department of the Pacific:

I. The 4th Infantry will be concentrated at Fort Walla-Walla, and thence proceed to Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, where boats, and materials for the construction of boats, will be in readiness to take the regiment to Fort Leavenworth.

II. The Commander of the Department of the Pacific will, in order to concentrate the 4th Infantry at Fort Walla-Walla, relieve the companies of that regiment at Forts Jones and Humboldt, with the least practicable delay, by troops nearest at hand.

III. In this movement the 4th Infantry is charged with the construction of the road upon its route, provided for in the act of Congress of February 6, 1855, with an appropriation applicable to its objects.

IV. Upon its arrival at Fort Leavenworth the 4th Infantry will be posted in the Department of the West, as the demands of the service may then require.

V. The five companies of the 6th Infantry at Fort Kearny and Laramie will proceed to the Department of the Pacific, taking the route through the South Pass.

VI. The companies of the 6th Infantry, now serving at Kansas, will embark at Fort Leavenworth, and proceed thence in boats to Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, where they will remain until relieved by the 4th Infantry, when, receiving the means of transportation used by the 6th Infantry, these companies of the 6th Infantry will proceed to Fort Walla-Walla by the route passed over by the 4th Infantry.

VII. The Commander of the Department of the West will replace the companies of the 6th Infantry at Forts Kearny and Laramie by such guards as may be deemed necessary until the supplies at those posts, not available for the troops about to march to the Pacific, can be withdrawn. Forts Laramie and Kearny will then be evacuated.

VIII. Forts Pierre and Lookout will also be abandoned, and the troops and supplies ordered to Fort Randall. The Commander of the Department of the Pacific and of the Department of the West will give the necessary orders to troops and staff departments of their respective commands for all details essential to the judicious execution of this order, according to their special instructions.

By command of Brevet Lieutenant-General Scott.

H. L. Scott, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

By general orders No. 3, from the headquarters of the army, dated New York, March 19, 1857, the following changes are made:

I. Brevet Major-General John E. Wool will assume command of the Department of the East. Headquarters, Troy, New York.

II. Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs will, about the 1st of May, repair to and assume command of the Department of Texas.

III. Brevet Brigadier-General Newman S. Clarke, Colonel Sixth Infantry, will, in anticipation of a future movement of his regiment, repair to California, and assume command of the Department of the Pacific. Headquarters, San Francisco.

IV. The Headquarters of the Department of the West will, in future, be at St. Louis, Mo.

NAVY.

The United States raze Cumberland, now sitting for sea at the Charleston Navy Yard, will proceed to the coast of Africa and relieve the sloop-of-war Jamestown, the flag-ship on that station. The Jamestown will return to Philadelphia. Business in the Navy Yard at Charleston is brisk. Workmen are now engaged upon the Macedonian, in the Dry Dock, in rebuilding her, taking out the decayed timbers and substituting sound ones in their place. The Cumberland lies at the wharf, workmen being engaged on board in fitting her up. Orders were received yesterday to have the frigate put in order for sea. A large new steam-engine of about eighty horse power was put in operation on Monday for the first time. There are at the present time about 610 men employed in the yard, and we understand that more will be hired in immediately.

Orders were received at Norfolk on Thursday, March 19, to fit out the sloop-of-war Dale for the African station.

Under date of March 10th, the Key West correspondent of the Charleston Mercury says: "The Navy Department has commenced the erection of a coal depot at this place. The sum of \$25,000 was appropriated at the last session of Congress, and the charge of the constructing of the depot given by Secretary Dobbin to Major John Sanders, corps of engineers, who has command of the works at Fort Taylor. The depot will be of great capacity, covering a large extent of surface, and will hold 6,000 tons of coal."

The bill to add ten steam sloop-of-war to the Navy failed in the House of Representatives. Just before the adjournment, however, the Committee of Conference on the Naval Appropriation bill agreed upon a clause authorizing the construction of five such vessels, instead of ten, and appropriating \$1,000,000 for the purpose. A provision was also added for the addition of one thousand seamen to the present list of seven thousand five hundred. The bill so amended was passed by both Houses and signed by the President.

The case of Lieut. Pennington was closed on Saturday. Surgeon Tinsler, Com. Read and Lieut. J. N. Moffit, of the United States Navy, and Capt. Wm. Inman, Capt. Frederick Engle, Lieut. James Boyle and Com. Gregory, were examined in his favor, in addition to those before published. On the part of the government, Lieut. Maxwell Woodhull, Lieut. De Haven, Lieut. O. H. Beer and Capt. Buchanan were also examined. The Navy Court of Inquiry were yesterday morning engaged in listening to the reply in the case of Lieut. Pennington, which was read by Mr. Phillips, one of his counsel.

The following, among other officers assigned to the U. S. steamer Niagara, have been ordered to the Navy Department by the late of April: Capt. Hudson; Lieutenants North, Todd, Guest, Wells, McCauley, Whiting and Konno; Surgeon Palmer, and Assistant-Surgeons Lynch and Washington; Purser Eldridge; Chief Engineer Everett.

OBITUARY.

DR. WILLIAM YATES, who first introduced vaccination into the United States, died at Morris, Otsego county, in this State, on the 7th inst., at the extreme age of 90. He was a native of England, studied under Sir James Earle at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, attended Abernethy's first course of lectures, left London at the age of 23, possessed a fortune, and went home. Of a remarkably benevolent disposition, his attention was early directed to the treatment of the insane. In his house at Burton-on-Trent he received and treated a considerable number of pauper lunatics, but an unfortunate accident overthrew his plans for their relief. One of his patients, in a paroxysm of frenzy, took the life of another patient under shocking circumstances, and then committed suicide. He was so horrified at the act that he determined to close the asylum, and after providing for the proper treatment among their friends or otherwise of the remainder, he sailed to Philadelphia, where he arrived in June, 1799. Previous to this incident, (says a correspondent of the Evening Post,) he had become greatly interested in the subject of vaccination, which was then just becoming known to the medical profession in England. And it was the desire to extend its blessings, along with the shock to a sensitive mind of the accident mentioned, that determined his visit to America. Before sailing he made the personal acquaintance of Dr. Jenner, obtained from his hand a large supply of the virus, and from his mouth all additional particulars. Immediately on his arrival in Philadelphia he engaged himself with all the zeal of an ardent and philanthropic mind, to disseminate the knowledge of the then new discovery. And it is certain that he was the first to introduce into America this great boon to humanity, although the credit of its first introduction has been generally accorded to another.

The venerable Judge Barto, of Trumansburg, Tompkins county, N. Y., died in that village on the 23d of February. Judge Barto was one of the pioneer settlers of Western New York.

FINANCIAL.

The Assistant Treasurer reports to-day, Saturday, 28th, as follows:

| | |
|----------------|---------------|
| Total receipts | \$214,752 17 |
| Total payments | 262,981 64 |
| Total balance | 15,436,567 49 |

The warrants entered at the Treasury Department, Washington, on the 24th inst. were as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| For the redemption of stocks | \$29,348 07 |
| For the Treasury Department | 29,201 03 |
| For the Interior Department | 291,633 75 |
| For customs | 137,453 38 |
| War warrants received and entered | 28,081 22 |
| On account of the Navy | 112,968 00 |
| From miscellaneous sources | 33 20 |

The following is a statement of the export for the past week and the corresponding week last year:

| | 1856. | 1857. |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Total produce | \$540,070 | \$945,190 |
| Miscellaneous | 557,898 | 1,239,750 |
| Total for the week | \$1,097,968 | \$2,284,940 |

The Dry Goods Import for the week is \$1,170,258, against \$2,107,072 the week ending March 29, last year.

The following is a statement of the last week's operation in Real Estate:

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| 1 lot 46th st., 100 ft. from 2d av., 25x100, \$12,000; house and lot, No. 11 11th st., 25x95, \$9,000; 1 lot on 9th av., near 39th st., 24.8x100, \$2,050; 1 lot on 10th av., near 54th st., 25x100, \$1,400; house and lot in West 24th st., 25x98.9, \$7,000; 3 lots on 37th st., near 7th av., 24x53.10, each \$3,100—\$9,300; 1 lot near 10th av., 25x100.5, \$1,200; 1 do. north side 66th st., near 10th av., 25x143.5, \$625; 1 do. north side 55th st., near 10th av., 25x136, \$850; house and lot No. 80 6th av., 22.9x80, \$15,000; 2 lots and house in West Hoboken, \$2,250; gore corner 48th st. and Broadway, \$20,550; property corner 52d st. and 5th av., \$34,500; 4 lots on 52d st., near 5th av., each 25x100, \$1,976 each—\$7,904; 3 lots on 42d st., near 3d av., each 25x100, \$1,850 each—\$5,550; house and lot 206 31st st., 20x98, \$6,000; house and lot 160 East 21st st., 23x98, \$6,000; house and lot 172 23d st., 20x97, \$3,900; house and lot 239 West 31st st., 15x98, \$7,400; house and lot 224 West 28th st., 19x48, \$5,250; 1 lot on 46th st., near 10th av., 25x100, \$1,116; 1 lot on 83d st., near 3d av., 26 by half the block, \$786; 1 lot adjoining, 26 by half the block, \$786; 1 lot do., 26 by half the block, \$795; lease 329 Bowery, \$1,000. |
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LITERARY.

THE MOTHER'S HANDBOOK; a Guide in the Care of Young Children: by EDWARD H. PARKER, M.D., Physician to the Children's Department of the Demilt Dispensary, late Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the New York Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, &c., &c. Edward P. Allen, New York.

A book which can with safety be placed in the hands of mothers, and be to them a safe and sufficient guide in the management of the children, is one of the most important things which can be introduced to the family circle. Many books have been written purporting to be of this high and useful character, but while many are utterly worthless, even those written by competent and conscientious persons have been so loaded down and obscured by technicalities, that they have entirely defeated the purposes for which they were intended. More particularly have these books of which we speak been objectionable by morally dwelling upon symptoms, and thus, to the inexperienced and over-anxious mother, making each movement of the child a source of alarm. The intention of the valuable work before us is to avoid errors of this kind, and give a mother just such information as she needs in her responsible situation, rendering her strong in her confidence to help her suffering patients, and making the services of the physician comparatively unnecessary. An effort has been made to give full direction as to the care of children in health, and upon points which the author from long experience feels mothers are most anxious. The high character of Dr. Parker, as a gentleman and a professional man, guarantees that "The Mother's Handbook" is essentially what it claims to be, and will be received, when once understood, into every family with pleasure, and be looked upon as one of the most useful and necessary of manuals, as a guide in the care of young children.

MUSIC.

EISFELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOIREE.—The fifth soiree of the seventh season was given at Dodworth's Academy on Tuesday evening, March 23d. The attendance was very large and comprised most of the distinguished amateurs of the city. The instrumental programme was of rare excellence, and we have but seldom heard a performance in this city in which there was so much to admire and so little to excuse. The soiree commenced with Mozart's beautiful quartette in E major, which was rendered with great precision, and with the utmost attention of light and shade to emphasis and expression. The minuetto was charmingly played, and the execution of the andante was worthy of all praise; while we have rarely heard the finale (fuga) so distinctly marked and so clearly elucidated. Rubenstein's grand trio in G minor was played for the first time at these soirees, Mr. William Mason taking the piano part. Our readers will remember that we noticed this trio, when performed at Mr. Mason's matinee last year. We found then many points of marked excellence to commend, not only in the boldness of its conception, but in its strong rhythmic contrasts and impetuous freedom of imagination. Our favorable impressions were not weakened by a second hearing; in fact, they were rather strengthened and confirmed. The adagio is certainly very beautiful, the presto poetically fanciful, and the finale with its recurrence to the motive of the adagio is thoughtful, brilliant and effective. It is defective, however, inasmuch as the stringed instruments are treated in many places very poorly, and the piano part is too generally prominent. William Mason played admirably; we never saw him so unembarrassed in manner, and this fact strongly influenced his performance. He interpreted the music most sympathetically and understandingly, making its meaning and intention as clear as a written book. His touch was firm and elastic, his execution brilliant and distinct, and his emphasis and expression just and artistic. It was a performance of which we can only speak in praise.

Beethoven's grand quintette in C major closed the instrumental selection. This great work, no matter what precedes it, stands out in such marked prominence by its mental grandeur, that it absorbs all the attention and dwindle the proportions of what seemed great before. It is a wonder of mechanical construction and musical inspiration. On this occasion it was finely rendered—Mr. Joseph Burke taking the first violin, supported in the other parts by Messrs. Noll, Reyer, Bergman and Eisfeld. Mr. Burke's broad, fine style is eminently adapted to this class of music, and we hazard nothing in saying that in it he has no equal among the violinists now before the public. We listened to him with unfeigned pleasure, and mentally expressed the wish that we could more frequently hear him interpret so lovingly and intelligently the immortal works of the great masters. We must compliment all the artists upon the admirable manner in which they performed all the compositions that evening, and especially the last and greatest, by Beethoven. As a quartette or quintette party they have no equals here.

The vocal part of the programme was supplied by Madlle. Henriette Simon, who made her second public appearance on this occasion. She has a beautiful voice, which has been fairly but not sufficiently cultivated. Her singing bears the evidence of good schooling, and her style is measurably finished. She appeared to us quite young, and is evidently a novice, but one of much promise. She sang the romance "Va d'ailleurs" from "Robert le Diable," smoothly and melodiously, but tamely. The necessary abandon will probably come by and by. The same may be said of her "Ave Maria," by Cherubini, the viola part of which was played very smoothly and gracefully by Mr. F. Simon.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S NEW ENTERPRISE.—After controlling successfully the reins of government at the Academy of Music, to the extreme indignation of many who prophesied a disastrous failure, Maurice Strakosch looked around for some new grand enterprise to achieve, and with that tact and foresight for which he is so remarkable he at once decided, that if it was possible to accomplish it, to engage the "lion" of the day, Sigismund Thalberg, for a concert tour. This was something of an undertaking, for it involved more capital than his operative speculation; but confident of great results, could such an engagement be effected, he negotiated on a liberal basis, and succeeded in procuring a contract from Thalberg for some fifty or sixty concerts, during the next two or three months. It is said that Thalberg receives upon this contract some thirty thousand dollars; still, even with this enormous expense, no universally popular is Strakosch throughout this country and Canada, we believe that the profits of the tour will be enormous. Thalberg's success has been so great wherever he has played, that he is the surest card of attraction to invest money on, either here or in Europe; and when it is remembered that the present will be the only possible time that he can visit the West perhaps for some years, for his leasehold of the Academy of Music for the next year and others ensuing will keep him in New York, it will be readily imagined that there will be a rush to hear the most faultless pianist that the world has ever seen. Viewing this engagement in a plain matter-of-fact way we must congratulate Mr. Strakosch on his energy and enterprise. The Canadians and the Western people will appreciate it, and Mr. Strakosch will smile at the fullness of his purse when he returns among us again. The tour commenced at Utica on Monday, March 30, and will continue through Canada, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and twenty intermediate places, returning home by the way of Montreal and Quebec. They will give a concert every night but one, (Sundays, of course excepted), and some dozen matinees. Our country friends will find these matinees a most enjoyable recreation.

Gottschalk and Adalina Patti are giving concerts in Cuba.

OLE BULL'S SECOND CONCERT.—The second concert of Mr. Ole Bull was given at Dodworth's Academy on Tuesday evening last, March 31. Half an hour before the concert commenced all the tickets were sold, and so great was the excitement to hear him that over three hundred people with good dollar bills in their hands were necessarily refused admittance. Ole Bull wore all the appearance of extreme debility, and the exertion of the first long concerto seemed to overtax his strength. He, however, played the adagio movement magnificently. Not even in his palmiest days of success were we so moved. There seemed to be a most chastened feeling in his performance, a deeper and grander sentiment, and a more appreciable largeness in his style; and we doubt if at this date that movement could be more intelligently and truthfully rendered by any living artist. He was loudly and cordially applauded throughout the evening. A new enthusiasm for an old favorite had sprung up, and if his health permits we have no doubt that Ole Bull will make a new fortune, which we hope he will have the good sense to retain, and the surest way to do that is to discard all worthless Italian hangers-on, and to religiously eschew the cornucopia lawyers. He was assisted by the same artists as at his first concert.

This evening, Friday, April 3, Ole Bull's third concert will be given at Dodworth's Academy. All who have not heard him, go.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The learned elephants display their sagacity, improved by education, every evening to large and admiring audiences. They have proved a decided success, and are indeed well worth visiting. The

afternoon performances have attracted overwhelming crowds, and have afforded infinite delight to the thousands of juvenile searchers after the curious and wonderful. A grand and imposing spectacle is in course of revival at this establishment, and will be speedily produced in a style of magnificence for which the Broadway Theatre is so famous.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—A succession of those charming dramas, the production of the present season, together with the highly successful extravaganza, "The Fairy Elvies, or the Marble Bride," have attracted large and gratified audiences during the present week. Miss Laura Keene's acting is the theme of general admiration. It is a masterpiece in its way.

A new play is underlined and will be produced, we presume, in the coming week.

BROOKLYN'S BOWERY THEATRE.—A new and clever adaptation of the well known novel, "Dick Tarrant; or, the Last of his Race," has been the feature of attraction of the present week. It has been well received and has proved attractive. The management is preparing a new and peculiar spectacle on the subject of "Pilgrim's Progress," which will be brought out in magnificent style, and will introduce, in a series of beautiful tableaux, a corps of talented and beautiful children. It will be brought forward at an early date, with every necessary surrounding to command success.

NISLO'S GARDEN.—The Ravels have reproduced the brilliant and attractive fairy pantomime of "Blanche, or the Rival Fairies," and it seems to have gained a new start into popularity and favor. This charming entertainment, together with Mlle. Theresa Robert in the elegant divertissement of "La Bouquetière," and young Hengler, and his rival, young America, upon the tight rope, are sufficient to attract crowds of strangers and old residents to this popular establishment.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Howe's abominable tragedy of "Leonore, or the World's Own," has been withdrawn. It has been withdrawn at the imperative demand of the better portion of our press—that portion which is free from the embarrassing connections of authors and managers. Our voice was first raised in open and undisguised condemnation of this shameless production, and we have found sufficient support, in our opinion, to compel its withdrawal from our stage; and we now dare any manager in Boston to produce it with all its original blasphemy, impiety and barefaced wantonness, even in the city of its author's nativity. It was cunningly devised to arrange for its first production in New York, where the floating and ever-changing population forms the great body of theatrical audiences, and which seeks rather to be excited than to be critical. It was wisely devised also, in consideration of the fact that success in New York is a clear passport for the United States. Only one thing was forgotten, and that was the sober second thought of the real public of our city, and of those who conscientiously respect their public position. This, it was expected, would be overwhelmed by the preconcerted and well-arranged burst of hard-worked enthusiasm, which was to belch forth from the great guns of the arrogant but purely immaculate daily press. The great guns exploded, but only a little in advance of the tragedy, and verily both stank in the nostrils of the public. We again repeat that no manager will dare to present this tragedy to a Boston audience as it was originally played here; and that is tantamount to its utter exclusion from the stage, for, cut out all that is objectionable, and nothing will remain but absurd hyperbole borne along by a slip-slop poetical pottiness. We unhesitatingly separate the lady from the author; we clearly see the trap into which she has fallen, through a desire to achieve popularity by chiming in with the reigning madness of the hour. She argued upon the extraordinary success which attended the production of "Camille" and other congenial abominations, that to surpass them in unblushing immorality, and to intensify that by the addition of reckless impiety, was the clear and open road to a still greater measure of success. In "Leonore" the limit has been reached; the most unbridled effort in that unholy line has found its superior, and the whole class its damnation.

The management above all is accountable for its production. It is a responsibility which we should think it would be anxious to escape, for it is not defensible upon any ground. If it is urged that the tragedy was accepted upon recommendation, or upon an acknowledged reputation, still, as a caterer for the public, the manager should stand as a guarantee that nothing should be presented at his house which would offend the delicacy of woman or shock the decent feelings of even men of the world. If, on the other hand, it is urged, that for pecuniary results it was thought advisable to pander to the most depraved tastes and the worst passions, why the reason is an insult to the self-respect and decency of the community, and can be offered with as much justice by the Model Artists and other kindred establishments. The religious crusade against the drama is fully justified when such pieces can be seen at our metropolitan theatres, and we could cordially join even with fanaticism and bigotry to suppress such public teachings of immorality and impiety, did we not rely upon the unfailing right-mindedness of the people to regulate the matter in their own way, aided by the voice of the conservative press, which, though not often the loudest in its declamation, is always the most ruling in its influence.

Miss Heron's engagement closes this week; of her share in the production of "Leonore" we have spoken before.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ITEMS.

A FEW evenings since, in Philadelphia, during the performance of the opera of "Linda di Chamounix," one of the female choristers, named Madame Louise Locatelli, became suddenly ill, and was led off the stage without the incident having been noticed by the audience. The unfortunate lady died in a very short time after leaving the stage. The deceased was an Italian.—The manager of the Bowery is getting up a novel and, we fancy, rather attractive kind of entertainment. It is a dramatized version of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in the performance of which a company of talented children will appear.—The new piece by Oliver S. Leland, Esq., accepted by Mr. Stuart for Wallack's, is "The Rights of Man," a two act adaptation of the French vaudeville, "Les Droits de l'Homme"—Howe & Cushing's immense circus company, numbering 100 human performers, and nearly as many quadrupeds, sailed from this port for Europe on Wednesday. They had a ship all to themselves. They are to be absent three years, and will go through France, England and Germany. The trip will cost \$100,000.—The Bourgeois terminated their Boston engagement last Saturday night.—Fanny Kemble they say is making \$500 a night by her readings in Boston.—Lola Montes is dangerously ill in St. Louis.—Madame Macallister is about to travel the country and give legendarian exhibitions.—Crisp & Keller have produced at the Gaiety, New Orleans, the grand dramatic spectacle of "Oberon, or the Enchanted Horn," with Weber's fine music, and in which the Keller troupe appeared, illustrating the drama with seven magnificent tableaux.—Dr. Last is named as the conductor of the Lower Rhenish Musical Festival, which is to be held this Whit-suntide at Aix-la-Chapelle, and not at Cologne. He is also announced by a contemporary as intending to visit England this season.—A new opera, by M. Florent, commissioned for the inauguration of a new palace at Mecklenburg-schwerin, will be represented there, it is said, towards the end of May. It is described as containing many national German tunes.—Another nationality will be presently appealed to in the Opera House at Pesh, for which Herren Erkel and Doppler (the latter, we imagine, one of the excellent flute duet which visited London last season) have been retained to produce a new opera in Magyar.—While speaking of nationality in musical drama, let us record the decease of the Russian composer, M. de Glinka, whose Muscovite opera was the first work of the kind composed in the Czar's difficult language.—The latest musical events of the Parisian season have been the revival of M. Halévy's clever "L'Éclair" at the Opera Comique; the production, with some splendor and care, at the Théâtre Lyrique of Weber's "Oberon," with Madame Rosciac as heroine, and M. Michot, a new tenor of promise, as Sir Huon; and an innovation at the last concert of the Conservatoire, nothing less than the admission of a modern symphony of Parisian origin, this being one of M. Reber's. Now that the ice is broken, it will not surprise us if this famous establishment did its part in proving to the world—that we have already indicated—the existence of a rising school of French instrumental composers of classical value, as distinguished from romantic.—Signor Mercadante's fifty-second opera, "Pelagia," has appeared at the Teatro San Carlo in due course. It is described by some critics as the maestro's best work, containing much good music—the introduction, a torsetto, and two airs for the tenor being expressly specified. The principal parts are sustained by Madame Tedesco, Signori Graziani and Coletti. Till now the only two operas by Signor Mercadante which can be said to keep the stage are his "Elisa e Claudio" and his "Il Giuramento."—"Les Huguenots," in spite of mutilations and modifications of every kind, seems to have established itself in the grand opera houses of northern Italy.—The Milanese journals announce the success, at Pavia, of Mr. Charles Santley, a young English basso, who has been studying at Milan.—Madame Celeste is understood to have retired from her share of the management of the Adelpi Theatre.—The favorite singer at St. Petersburg seems to be the tenor Bettini, whose benefit on a late occasion produced 15,366. The Emperor presented him with a ring valued at 4,000.—Her Majesty's theatre will re-open about the middle of April, for the season. Mr. Lumley has re-engaged Mlle. Piccolomini, and is said to have provided for the re-appearance of Madame Johanna Wagner. A new soprano, Marietta Spezia, who has gained great distinction at La Scala and other Italian houses, is to make her debut in England at her Majesty's theatre; and a tenor, also with a high Italian reputation, Signor Giuglini. The ballet department will be again very strong. Marie Taglioni, Kathrine, and Rosati are, we understand, re-engaged.—Herr Ernst, the universally celebrated violinist, will positively return to London for the season in the present month, and there is little doubt that Franz Listz, the great pianist, who has not been heard in England for many years, will also pay us a visit at a later period.—Auber's sparkling and elegant little opera, "Fra Diavolo," for which the author has just written recitatives, will be performed at the Royal Italian Opera during the approaching season, with the following powerful cast: Fra Diavolo, Signor Mario; Lord Alcazar, Signor Rosconi; Lady Alcazar, Madlle. Marai; and Zerlina, Madame Bosio. It appears also that Auber has composed a new air for Mario, and re-written the last finale. Herold's "Zampa" will likewise be produced at Mr. Gye's establishment, with Mario and Labache the Great in the principal characters. The engagement of Madame Ristori for dramatic representations, in connection with opera subscription, as last year at the Lyceum, will add to the attraction of Mr. Gye's arrangements for Drury-lane. The Queen, however, it is said has refused to visit Drury-lane Theatre, in consequence of the manager of that establishment having declined to let his actors perform in the plays given at the Palace. Mr. Gye will therefore transfer his artists to the little Lyceum or Olympic.

CITY ITEMS.

THE Public Administrator sold Dr. Burdell's personal property at No. 31 Bond street, on Monday, 30th inst., at auction. It included the furniture of the first and second stories, as well as Dr. Burdell's dentistry instrument, valued at upward of \$800. It is understood that the Cunninghams will continue to occupy the other parts of the house till the 1st of May, when Mrs. Cunningham's lease expires.

Haughwout's new and magnificent five-story iron building, corner of Broadway and Broome streets, was opened for the first time on Monday evening, 29d inst., to the public. It was illuminated from sub cellar to the fifth story, and was crowded with ladies and gentlemen admiring the immense variety of bronzes, clocks, china and porcelain, cutlery, statuary, vases, &c., &c.

Taylor's Saloon was reopened the same evening, after having undergone a new and thorough redecoration.

Messrs. Lederer and Epstein, Christian Jews, held a meeting this week for the purpose of discussing with their Jewish brethren the subject of Christianity. The religious faith of the Christian and Rabbinc Jews was explained, and an interesting discussion elicited upon the authenticity of the Gospels and the advent of the Messiah—whether it has taken place, or is yet to be; whether there is one or two Messiahs, &c.

The contestants of the will of James Turner, the former circus proprietor of this city, have decided that they would pursue the contest no further. The Surrogate thereupon ordered that the will be admitted to probate at once, and letters testamentary granted to the executor—some \$50,000—thus goes into the possession of Mr. Levi J. North, the partner of Mr. Turner at the time of his death, and his sole legatee.

In the Dean and Boker case the decision has been in favor of the husband Dean, who thereupon called for his wife at the residence of her father, No. 135 West Twenty-second street, and thence conducted her to a house in Hudson street, where he has already engaged apartments, to be occupied while they remain in the city. He has had numerous offers of assistance from friends, and even from total strangers interested in him, probably from the incidents of his late marriage, but he steadily refuses them, and shows at least an independent spirit. His wife is said to be heir to a considerable legacy from a deceased uncle, the amount of which we have not learned, but no part of which she has yet received. Her husband's counsel will soon take steps to put her in possession of it. They propose to go out West; he to work at his trade as carpenter, and she to make use of her accomplishments as a means of livelihood.

Twelve of the crew of the ship America were arrested on Tuesday, on a charge of revolt and mutiny on board, on her voyage from Liverpool to this port.

The famous clipper ship Dreadnought sailed on the 14th at nine o'clock, and the steamer Ericsson, at 12 o'clock, for Liverpool. The clipper ship Lyphoon left on the 16th, and the steamer Persia on the 18th, both for the same port. Much rivalry exists between these vessels to reach their port of destination first, and much interest is manifested by the shipping world as to the result. The Persia will probably beat, though the Dreadnought, on her last trip out, made almost as good time as did the Persia.

A country exchange paper states that a pew in St. John's church, New York, was sold last week for the moderate sum of \$7,500!

The steamship Tennessee, Capt. Tinklepaugh, sailed last week three days before the time anticipated. She took out a large number of passengers for California, and twelve men bound for Gen. Walker's army, but Major Bradley, who is in the service, was the only one positively known as going with the intention of joining the army.

Lieut. Wm. B. Griffiths, a soldier of the war of 1812, was buried at Cypress Hill Cemetery yesterday. The Veteran Corps of 1812, under command of Col. H. Raymond, escorted the body. Within the two last months six of the Veterans have been consigned to the tomb.

The trial of John W. Layman, indicted for killing Cornelius Cannon, in New Utrecht, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, Brooklyn, before Judge Strong and a jury, resulted in a verdict of insanity.

The beautiful statue of America, now being executed by Powers, the great American sculptor, has been purchased, it is said, by John N. Genin, the enterprising hatter, and proprietor of the Bazaar, St. Nicholas Hotel, New York. It was generally supposed that Congress would make an appropriation for the purchase of this masterpiece of the great sculptor; but it seems they have not done so.

William H. Peck, Hon. George Taylor and Hanson Hinman, of Brooklyn, were among the persons seriously sick from the National Hotel malady, Washington. Mr. Peck now lies in a critical state.

Some light has been thrown on the mystery of the sudden disappearance in January last of Mr. James Waddell, son of Mr. Waddell, chemist, of Brooklyn, the particulars of which were published at the time. It will be remembered that the young man was missed from his father's farm near Lockawaxen, in Pike county, Pennsylvania, under circumstances which led to the arrest of a laborer on the farm named McGurk, who has since been incarcerated in Millford jail. Last week the prisoner offered to give some information which would clear up the mystery, and Mr. Waddell, senior, was at once sent for to Brooklyn. On arriving at Millford, the prisoner informed him that his unhappy son had been shot by a person named Edward Quick, who had been previously discharged by young Waddell, and was known to have threatened vengeance, saying that his time would come some day to pay him off, or words to that effect. Moreover, that all search for the body would prove useless, as the deed had been committed while the lad lay asleep in bed, and that the body, together with the sheets, had been burned, and the residue thrown into the neighboring creek. Quick was arrested and examined before a magistrate, but that functionary—not thinking McGurk's statement sufficiently clear, or perhaps believing that the accused was himself the guilty party—discharged Quick and remanded the prisoner to jail. Mr. Waddell proceeded to the locality where the ashes of his poor boy were supposed to be, and found several charred bones, buttons and fragments of half-burned clothing, on a projecting ledge of rock, as though they had been thrown from the bank above. He brought the mournful relics to his home in Brooklyn on Saturday night for chemical analysis. Thus the fate of the missing lad seems accounted for. The details of the murder as well as the identity of the guilty party have yet to be developed.

The Demitt Dispensary had its sixth anniversary meeting last week. During the year this excellent charity has treated 20,684 poor sick, 16,544 in doors, and 4,140 at the houses of the patients; 2,211 have been vaccinated at its hands. Of its patients, 226 have died, 170 been sent to the hospitals, and 19,481 either cured or are remaining under treatment.

Thomas D. Gillespie has been missing since last Saturday week from his place of business, No. 548 Pearl street. He is a tall, stout man, stooping in gait; he had on black cloth pants and coat, a satin vest, with a gold watch and chain, gold pencil and spectacles. He has a family at 125 Ninth avenue.

A young man named Henry Beck was arrested on the 26th inst. on the charge of attempting to poison a family residing at No. 156 Second street, named Gregau, by mixing a quantity of arsenic in their food. Beck acknowledged the charge preferred against him, and accompanied officer Kurn to the drug store where he purchased the arsenic. A desire to obtain \$200 in gold, which he knew Gregau had stored away in an old trunk, was the sole motive that prompted the prisoner to plot against the life of his employer and his wife, and with this object in view he mixed one of the most deadly poisons in their food, and waited coolly until the arsenic had sickened the family, when he attempted to break open the trunk and carry off the specie.

Messrs. Stillwell and Idlet, of Staten Island, took the first shad in these waters a few days ago.

The steamer Isaac Newton left New York on Tuesday evening last, with a large manifest of merchandise and a long list of passengers. When within twenty miles of the Highlands a fog set in, which caused the pilot to run her carefully by the compass. While going at a careful speed she ran on the rocks eight miles below Caldwell's. This occurred about nine o'clock in the evening. Signals of distress were speedily hoisted; and upon the flidly coming up, efforts were made to draw the Newton off, which proving unsuccessful, her passengers were transferred to the former boat. At last accounts the Newton was considered a perfect wreck. The hull of the boat was supposed to be broken into, and the joiners' work was fast being carried away by the water. This accident occurred in the identical place where the steamer Knickerbocker stranded and was sunk last summer. The Newton was estimated at \$250,000.

Messrs. Leeds & Co. sold a large and fine collection of American and English pictures on Thursday, the 26th inst. Cropley, Hart, Shattuck, Doughty, Lang, Lazarus, Kensett, T. Cole, Mayer, and other artists, were represented through their works. The bidding was brisk and liberal, the total amount being over ten thousand dollars.

The case of Coroner Connelly is postponed till the 9th of April next, when it will be taken up for the third time, and continued without further postponement. It is not at all probable that this investigation will be in progress during the trial of Mrs. Cunningham and Eckel in another court.

The Board of Aldermen adopted the minority report of the Committee on the new Post Office, adverse to the erection of a building for a post office on the lower end of the Park. The matter is, however, not yet concluded, as the Corporation counsel is to be consulted on the subject. A communication was received from the Commissioner of Streets and Lamps, in which he says that under the provisions of the appropriation for cleaning streets, which was made to pay only for the work performed under contract, he did not think he could legally continue to perform the work unless by a special resolution from the Board.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives the programme of the "General Omnibus Company of New York," which has recently been offered to the consideration of French capitalists. It is a magnificent scheme of 15,000,000 francs capital, half in shares and half in bonds; and it is a little remarkable that it has never been heard of on this side the Atlantic.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE statement which has been going the rounds of the papers, that the draft of Washington's farewell address had been stolen from the library of the State Department, is thus contradicted:

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "The original draft was never in the possession of the Government. It was sent by Washington at the time it was written to be published in the newspaper then published in this city by Mr. Claypoole. The latter had it 'set up' without damaging the 'copy.' The manuscript was carefully preserved by Mr. C., and in 1849 or '50 it was offered at public sale in this city by the friends of Mr. Claypoole. Congress entered into competition for the prize; but after a spirited bidding, it was knocked off to James Lenox, Esq., of New York, for a sum exceeding two thousand dollars. Mr. Lenox had some exact copies of the address made for his friends, but the great original still remains in his possession. We trust that this explanation will relieve the patriotic indignation of those who evince so much anxiety concerning the important document."

The Wytheville *Times* says that during the past winter nine wild bears were killed in that vicinity. The flesh of most of them was brought to town and sold for a shilling per pound.

Two weeks ago, as five men, four white and one black, were being let down into a coal pit in Chesterfield county, Va., the cage which contained the men became detached from the rope by which it was suspended, and was precipitated a distance of three hundred feet, killing all five of them.

It is probable that the corner stone of the monument to Henry Clay, at Lexington, will be laid on the 12th of April next, Mr. Clay's birthday.

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* announces the failure of the Bank of New Castle, Pa., and the disappearance of one of its officers with the sum of \$50,000 in cash, leaving on hand just \$4 in coin to redeem a circulation of over \$10,000.

Comptroller Dennis has just published a statement of the condition of the Wisconsin banks, from which we learn that there are now fifty-one of these institutions doing business in that State—that their securities amount, in the aggregate, to \$2,415,000, their circulation to \$2,095,000, and that there are five applications for new banks, in addition to those already organized.

A dog in Pawtucket was noticed one night making frequent trips back and forth between a certain barn and some other part of the village. A closer watch showed that he was stealing hens—catching them in his mouth by the neck and carrying them to where his master was in waiting. He had evidently been trained to it.

The exports from New Orleans to Boston amount to some \$9,000,000 a year.

James Taber was murdered while asleep, in Farmville, Ky., by one of his negroes.

Ex-Governor Ramsay, in an address at an agricultural fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that Territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota so: e day will produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union.

A duel was fought near New Orleans recently by George W. White and Pakenham Le Blanc, in which the latter was killed. He had fought between thirty and forty duels in his lifetime.

In Winchester Centre, Conn., there has not been a death in a year and a half, and but two or three deaths in three years. The village is surrounded by 150 smoking coal-pits, and besides there is no physician in the place.

The pay of the Collector of the port of Newburyport for the first quarter in 1887, according to the *Herald*, was ninety-two cents.

The bodies of two children, buried five years ago, were dug up last week in the German burying ground in Allentown, Pa., and found to be petrified as hard as stone, while bodies in adjacent graves were entirely decomposed.

There are between thirty and forty thousand Jews in California, and they have lately started a paper in San Francisco.

The French Emperor has now in his stables six very fine American horses. The two horses he drives in his phaeton are American, and in France are considered superior trotters.

Catawba brandy, made at Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently been purchased, it is said, at \$6 per gallon, for exportation to France, for the purpose of flavoring foreign liquors.

The Legislature of Missouri, previous to the adjournment, which took place a few days ago, adopted an amendment to the Constitution, limiting the State debt to \$30,000,000.

They want more laborers in Iowa. Twenty dollars a month, with board, are the common wages.

The Russian Government talk of making an important step for the eventual abolition of serfdom by purchasing the serfs of proprietors having less than a hundred.

John Jackson, Esq., of Tampa, Florida, has raised some huge cabbages this season, one of which measured four feet and a half in diameter, and weighed thirty-five pounds!

In a suit brought by Mrs. Purnell against the Petersburg Railroad Company, at Richmond, Va., during the present week, for \$22,000 damages for injuries sustained by herself, her son, and for a servant killed in consequence of the accident, the jury rendered a verdict as follows: To Mrs. Purnell, \$4,168 for the injuries she sustained; \$1,408 for the injuries sustained by her son, Thomas R., and \$600 for the loss of the servant, with interest from the time of the accident to the present period. The accident occurred in 1880.

Recently a horse was frightened to death at Frederick, Maryland, at the sight of one of Dan Rich's elephants. He fell in the shafts, trembled, and expired in twenty minutes. So say the papers.

At a late royal reception in Paris, no less than sixty carriage-loads of Americans followed Mr. Mason to the palace, and the latter presented them all in a lump, saying: "Your majesty, all these are Americans," whereupon his majesty laughed.

A new dodge is now being practised upon the Philadelphians by sharpers, after this style: A gentleman pulls the door bell and asks for a Mr. A., who of course is not in—tells his lady that he owes Mr. A. one dollar and a half—gives a counterfeit five-dollar bill, and gets three dollars and fifty cents of good money in change.

A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature, to exempt the libraries of editors, authors and clergymen from execution, which strikes us favorably. A working man should not be deprived of his tools.

ABDALLAH'S TALE.

(Concluded from page 284.)

had been discovered. The royal astrologer had tried every sort of divination and failed, and was, therefore, in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah, which was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had reached the ear of the king, who sent for him, and gave him audience in the Hall of Kalnet Serponchideh. "Abdallah," he said, with a severe expression on his face, "art thou truly able to read the stars?" "Put me to the proof!" answered the barber, who was now prepared for the worst. "Then discover the forty chests of money which have been stolen, as well as the criminals. Succeed, and thou shalt marry a princess, and become my minister; fail, and I will hang thee!" "There must have been forty thieves!" said Abdallah, making a fortunate, and not very difficult guess. "Grant me forty days!" "Forty days thou shalt have," said the king, "and thou shalt then die, or live for riches and honor."

So the barber went home and told his wife, and said, "I have forty days to live; I will sit upon my prayer mat and meditate on the evils of life and the blessedness of death. Give me, I beg thee, forty beads. At the hour of evening prayer, daily, I will give thee one, that, by counting the remainder, I may remember how many days I have to live." She complied, and, every day at the exact hour of sunset, Abdallah gave her a bead, and said, with great firmness and solemnity, "There is one of them." And, on the last day he said, in an excited manner, "There are the whole forty of them!" What was his astonishment when, at that instant, a violent knocking was heard at the door! A crowd of men were admitted, and one of them, evidently the chief, said, "O Abdallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive the forty chests of gold untouched, but spare our lives!" In supreme bewilderment, he answered, "This night I should have seized thee and thy wretched companions; but tell me, on thy head, how knewest thou that I possessed this knowledge?" "We heard," said the chief of the robbers, "that the king had sent for thee. Therefore, one of us came, at the hour of sunset, to listen at thy door, and heard thee say, 'There is one of them.' We would not believe his story, and sent two to ascertain it, and thou wast heard to say, 'There are two of them.' And this night, O wonderful! thou didst exclaim, 'There are the whole forty'; but restore the king's money, and do not deliver us unto the executioner."

Abdallah promised to do what he could. Being admitted to the palace, he declared that, owing to some mystery of the stars, it was given him to discover either the thieves or the treasure, but not both. The monarch at length consented to take the forty chests, and fulfilled his promise to Abdallah.

A SPLENDID NOVEL IN A FEW PARAGRAPHS.

SOME sixteen years since, a young gentleman in New York city, contrived awhile to pay his addresses to a beautiful girl there, the daughter of an obstinate Pearl street merchant, who was opposed to the young man's visiting his daughter. He persisted in his endeavors to win the young lady, and at last he was forbidden to enter the old man's house.

Still, the lovers contrived to meet, occasionally, afterwards—and at the expiration of some six months, matters having been previously so arranged, the girl consented to marry the youth. He did not seek the fortune, for he was in employment, at a handsome salary, as principal book-keeper in an extensive jobbing house, and his pecuniary prospects were very fair. But the parents were obdurate, and he was driven from the house.

At the end of a twelvemonth they agreed to be married, and all the requisite arrangements were made, the evening was fixed upon, even the chaplain had been engaged—but on the morning of the day proposed secretly for the nuptials, the whole plan was discovered, and the match was broken off peremptorily by the absolute authority of the parents.

Time passed on; the daughter was sent to a distant part of the country for awhile—the young man was disappointed and disheartened, and left New York for the West, where he remained two years. Meantime a person to suit the tastes of the parents turned up—a man of considerable means, but old enough to be the young girl's father; and a match was arranged, after a long persuasion, between Emma and this man, and she wedded him at last.

Three years subsequently, the young man found himself in New England, where he settled and took a wife also, and some dozen years passed away, with their thousand and one changes of place, of circumstance and of fortune. From the time of their separation the original lovers had never met.

The young man became the father of three little ones, and then lost two of these; which bereavement was soon after followed by the death of his wife. Time flew by—he had been fortunate in his business, and resided a few miles out of Boston, in a cottage surrounded by the comforts of life, and in the enjoyment of the society of his dear little daughter.

One day he was returning home in the afternoon, and upon entering the cars found them to be full. He sought a seat, and found one occupied by a lady about thirty years of age, beside whom he sat down, and the cars soon moved out of the depot. As they entered into the light he suddenly turned to the lady, and exclaimed, "Madam! Emma! Is this you?"

He didn't know exactly what he said, but it was the fact that he was on the seat with the girl whom he had really loved, and whom he had never seen since the cruel separation.

A mutual explanation quickly succeeded. Our widowed friend ascertained that his former intended was now on her way to the North, upon a visit. That she had been married nearly eleven years, had but one child living, and her husband had been dead over two years.

He pointed out his pretty cottage, as the cars passed on—but did not leave the train. He proceeded forward, renewed his acquaintance, found the lady her own mistress, proposed to her again—and we record the fact with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that within three weeks the lovers were actually united in marriage in the city of Boston.

By constant temperance, habitual moderate exercise, unaffected modesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer, the claws of the sheriff, and the poison of the doctor; and probably add to your present existence at least ten years of active life.



ISAAC V. FOWLER, ESQ., POSTMASTER, NEW YORK CITY. FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, ESQ.

We present our readers with a life-like portrait of our new and popular postmaster, Isaac V. Fowler, Esq. We believe that on the election of Mr. Buchanan a universal wish was expressed in the business community that Mr. Fowler would be retained in his present position, and the announcement that he was re-appointed was hailed with pleasure throughout every business circle in this city. Since Mr. Fowler has had charge of the post-office, we believe that fewer complaints have been made than under any former incumbent, and if faults are to be found, they result from the system, and not from the administration of the postmaster. Mr. Fowler is in the prime of life, of fine personal appearance, and is greatly indebted to his pleasant, gentlemanly and genial manners for his present position, and it is fortunate for the interests of the community that these qualifications were combined with first-rate business talents. He was appointed by Gen. Pierce postmaster of New York in 1853, and has been re-appointed for four years, his term of office expiring with Mr. Buchanan's administration. He is a decided Democrat in his politics, and is properly esteemed one of the most influential men in his triumphant party.

THE EDUCATED ELEPHANTS, VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

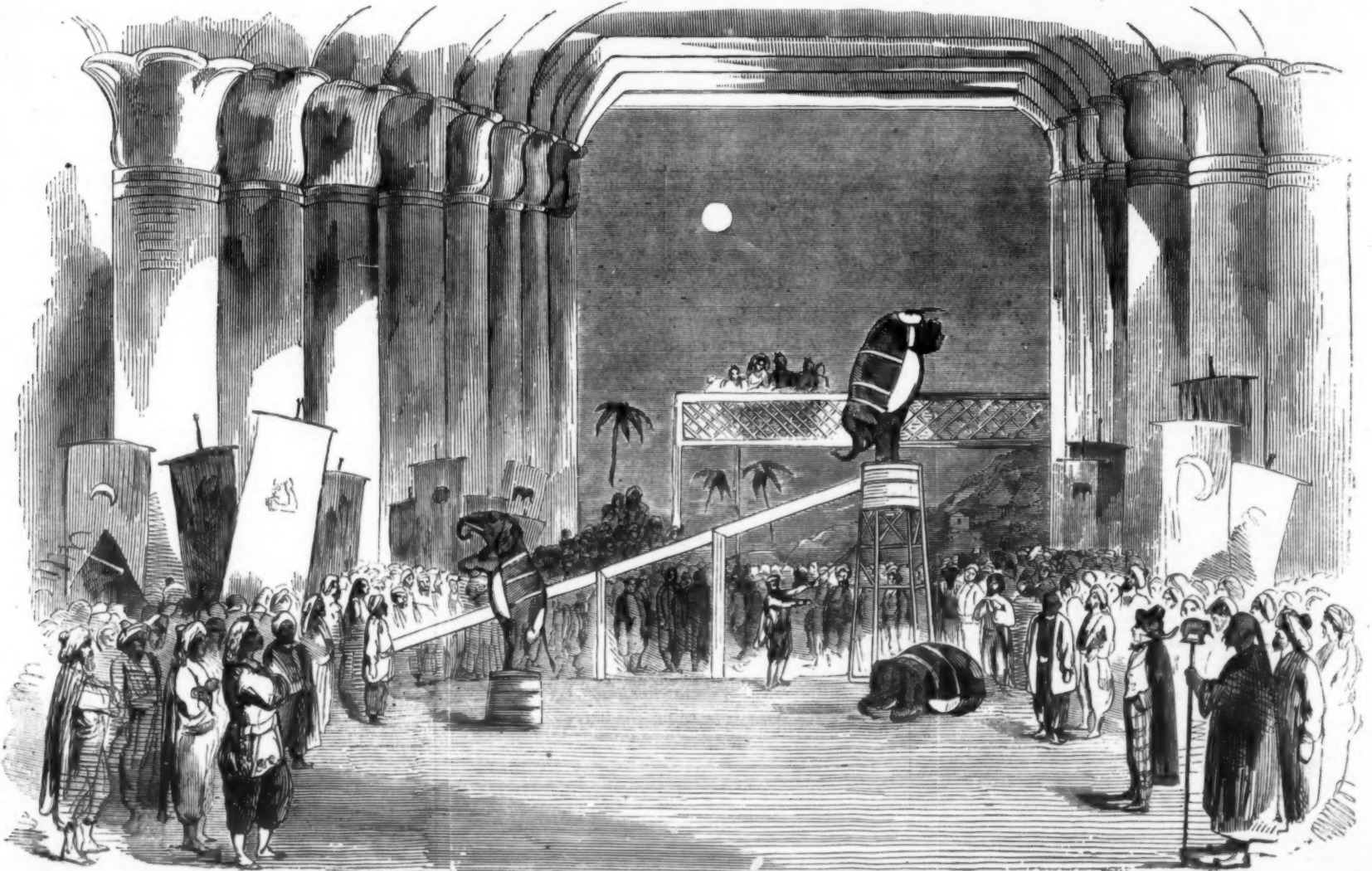
For the last fortnight the Broadway Theatre has been thronged by all classes of persons, young, middle-aged and old, to witness the wonderful performances of the two educated elephants, Albert and Victoria. The performances of these sagacious animals are very curious and interesting. They take the leading parts in the play, making their entrances and exits with a good grace, and seem to be perfectly familiar with dramatic effects. They carry despatches in their trunks, demolish prison bars, rescue prisoners, and do the other heavy work incidental to their rôles. In the drawing-room they are equally happy. They do the amiable to their guests, and, as they approach their fair visitors, very gracefully drop upon one knee and present them with bouquets. They waltz, dance and march to the time of the music, dine at the *table d'hôte*, calling for various dishes in their peculiar way, ring for wine, call for napkins, and perform many other antics. But the *chef d'œuvre* of their highnesses is where one of them ascends a narrow plank to the top of a pedestal, scarcely a foot square, where he at first stands upon his hind legs and afterwards upon his head, his enormous bulk at the same time being poised some ten or twelve feet above the stage.

These elephants were purchased by Mr. R. Sands, in Europe, about two years ago. At the time of their purchase they were performing at the Port St. Denis, Paris. Mr. Sands was about making a pleasure tour of the Continent at the time, but was so delighted with his "stars" that he changed his mind, bought them, and returned to the United States. In this country they have drawn the greatest crowds ever seen within the walls of any place of public amusement, and their success has been everywhere the most triumphant.

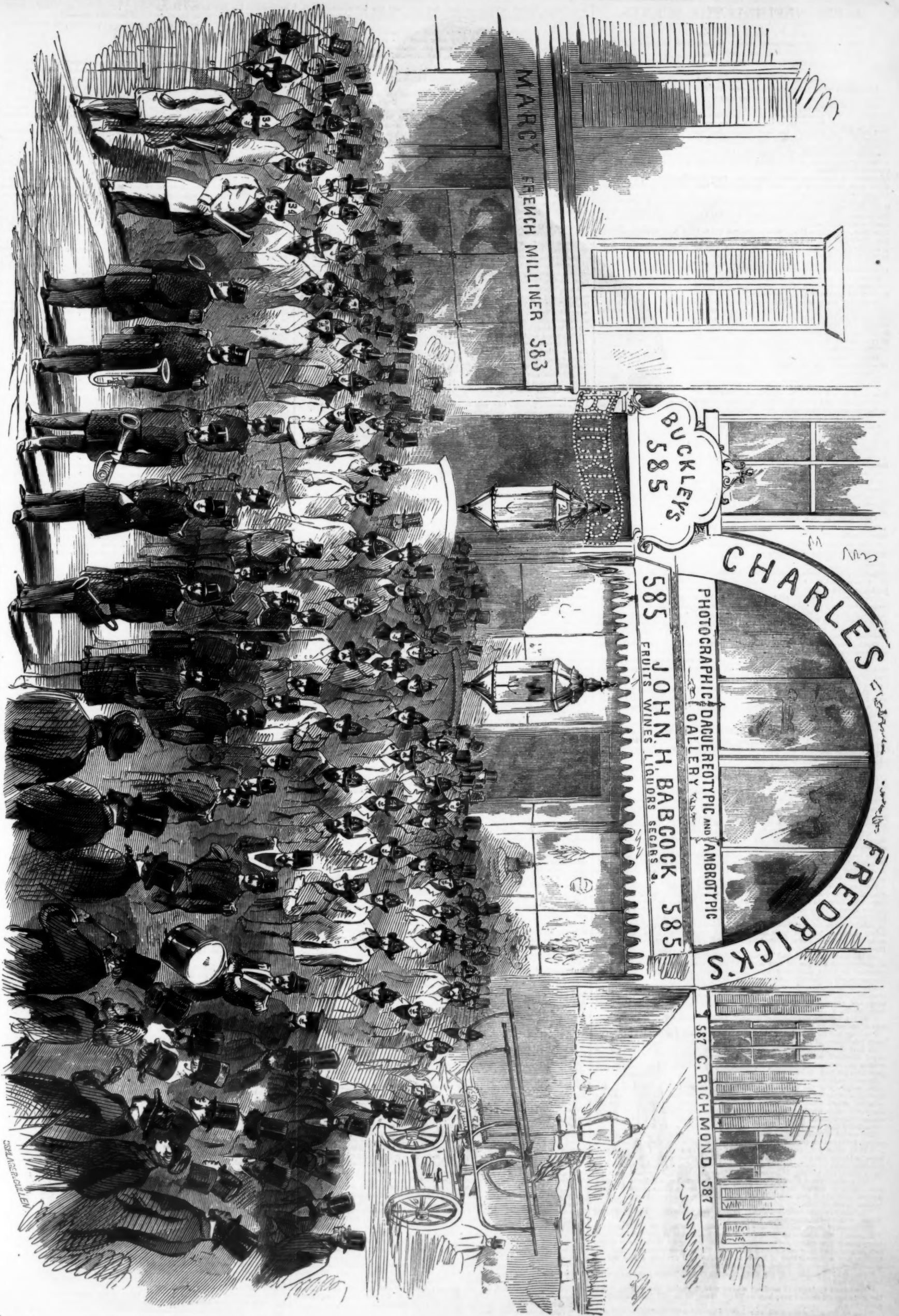
THE DEAD WIFE.—In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so busied, so unwearied, bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber-covered pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dear head that has so often laid upon your bosom, now

rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly are faded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulders now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh, it is too sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side; an angel presence. Cherish those emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.

The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.



THE LEARNED ELEPHANTS VICTORIA AND ALBERT, IN THE GEORGIOUS SPECTACLE OF THE USURPER OF SIAM, BROADWAY THEATRE.



THE HOWARD ENGINE COMPANY NO. 34, OF NEW YORK CITY, ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON TO ATTEND THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"MISNIE GARY," ETC.

(Continued from No. 52.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Call you this friendship, masters? Out on you!
A cut-purse of the night, a gallowa rogue
Had shown more civil treatment.—OLD PLAY.

Tom and Will of the Belt had been directed by their masters the instant they crossed the frontier to make to the first party of men they saw, in the full assurance of falling in with friends, and the poor fellows unfortunately followed the direction too literally; for, instead of joining the Carlists, they ran towards a body of Christians, who, alarmed by the firing of the French outpost, had hastily taken arms.

Instead of being warmly welcomed, as they expected, they were knocked down with the butt-ends of their muskets, and then plinched so securely that all resistance was impossible.

Their captors, believing that they had secured all the fugitives, and not relishing the idea of a skirmish with their enemies, whom they knew to be in the neighborhood, marched their prize towards Lecaros, where Rodil and his army were stationed.

It was in vain that the prisoners assured them they were friends: neither the officer who commanded the detachment nor his men comprehended them. Tom's threats of what his master would do, and his companion's still more energetic remonstrances were equally unregarded.

During the march, which continued without interruption till long after day-break, neither of the captives uttered a word, but walked doggedly on. Lecaros is a small town, or rather village, for it consists only of a long, straggling street, with the church at one end, the prison and residence of the alcalde, or magistrate, at the other.

In the last building the Christiano general, Rodil, had taken up his abode.

Rodil was walking in the square in front of the prison, attended by several officers of his staff, who kept at sufficient distance not to overhear the conversation of his chief with a man about fifty, whose plain black coat and round hat contrasted singularly with the fawcety uniforms and plumed shakos of the officers, when the prisoners were brought before him.

"Who are you?" he demanded, addressing them in Spanish.
Tom had recourse to what he considered the universal language of foreigners—he shrugged his shoulders.

"Answer me," added the general, knitting his brows.
The shrug was repeated.

Rodil now became furious, and menaced them with instant death if they presumed to trifle with his patience any longer.

"What the deuce does he mean, Will, by twisting his *stachos* and grinning in that fashion?" exclaimed Tom: "is he going to eat us?"
"He looks lean and hungry enough," replied his companion in misfortune; "but if my arms were only loose, I'd spoil his appetite."

On hearing them speak in English, and such unmistakable English too, the gentleman in the round hat and black coat smiled, and whispered a few words in the ear of the general, who then addressed them in Spanish.

"Do you examine them," said Rodil; "and see what you can make of them."
After making this request he walked away.

"How, in the name of fortune, my good fellows," inquired the stranger, "came you without passports or papers of any kind into Spain?"
On hearing the sound of their own language, the prisoners fully concluded that they had fallen into the hands of friends at last, and Tom's first request was to be informed if his master had arrived.

"Equire has got my pass," he added.
"And who is your master?" demanded the gentleman, in a remarkably soft tone of voice.

"Harold Tracy, Esquire, of Granstoun Park," replied the lad; "one of the best gentlemen that ever lived."
"Harold Tracy?" repeated the former: "does he travel alone?"

"No, sir, my master, Equire Harry Burg, of Burg Hall, is with him. If there is anything wrong, neither I nor my companion know anything about it. It's my belief," he added, "that it is all the old fellow's doing who joined us at Bayonne."

A man far less experienced in the world than the friend of Rodil appeared to be might easily have drawn from two simple beings like the speakers all he desired to learn. Without the slightest hesitation they related their meeting at the hotel with the mysterious stranger—their quitting the carriage, and ascent into the mountains with the contrabandists—the crossing of the frontier, and falling into the hands of their captors.

Having learnt all they had to tell, the gentleman walked towards Rodil, who had been impatiently smoking his cigar during the conversation.

"The price has been paid," he said. "The astute minister of Don Carlos, whom the government at Madrid dread far more than the bands of fanatic and brigands who have embraced his cause, has passed the frontier under the protection of two Englishmen."

"Whom I will shoot before the day is an hour older," exclaimed Rodil, his eyes flashing with rage.
"Pshaw!" interrupted the former; "these poor wretches are merely their servants."

"No matter."
"Are innocent of any participation in your disappointment?"
"They must die all the same."

"Nothing of the kind," replied the Englishman, coolly.
The general regarded him with surprise, not comprehending how any one should venture to dispute his orders.

"You are very humane," he observed, sarcastically; "but I forget, you are a man of peace. Money, scrip and loans are more in your way than dealing with rebels, traitors or spies."

"Put my humanity and your prudence in opposite scales, and it would be difficult to say which weighed the lightest," answered the gentleman. "Listen to me. The fact of your shooting two Englishmen who have fallen into your hands under such circumstances, would create an exceedingly unfavorable impression in England, and force the government to demand explanations. In the next place, I have a motive for wishing you to detain these men for a few days without injuring them. My interests are concerned in the request, and consequently yours."

The leader of the Christians assented with an ill-grace; but where the voice of humanity would have pleaded in vain, that of interest prevailed. Instead of directing them to be shot, Rodil ordered the officer to take them to the prison and see them well guarded.

The party whose influence had been so sufficiently powerful with the Spanish general to preserve the lives of his fellow-countrymen was no other than Helton, who, after his flight from England, had made his way to the seat of war. As the agent of Sir John Sellem—who, with several other bankers and stock-brokers, was at that time in treaty with the Queen's government for a loan—he obtained a certain amount of influence, which for once he used for a benevolent purpose, but not from any feeling of benevolence. He thought to make the prisoners useful in the designs he still entertained against the life of Harry Burg.

Harold and his friend had pursued their flight for some hours before they discovered the absence of Tom and William Franklin. So greatly were they attached to them that they would have returned alone to seek them but for the assurance of the officer who commanded the party.

The contrabandists who were with them, he asserted, knew every pass of the country; the peasantry were all devoted to the cause of the king; and there could be little doubt, according to his mode of reasoning, of their safety.

"Within twenty-four hours," he said, "they will be safe at the headquarters of his majesty."

Trusting, but far from being convinced, the friends still continued to accompany the Bishop of Leon and his friends in their journey.

At last the cavalcade drew up in front of a rude hut, close to which the royal standard was flying. A stout, middle-aged person, of not very prepossessing appearance, met the Bishop of Leon as he alighted from his horse, and gave him his hand to kiss.

It was the legitimate King of Spain—Don Carlos.

No sooner was the party which the young Englishmen had taken in the liberation of the minister of their royal master known, than the officers on duty crowded round them with offers of service and friendship; and such was the eagerness with which they were pressed, that Harold and Harry, neither of whom spoke Spanish very perfectly, felt embarrassed how to reply to them.

Suddenly they heard a voice exclaim, "Englishmen! where are they?"
The crowd divided, and a fine handsome man, whose features as well as accent betrayed his Irish origin, stepped forward and shook them by the hand.

"They mane well, gentlemen," he said; "but sure it's all you will ever have to thank 'em for. There's not a colonel in the army that has more than a second shirt to his back; and as for the captains, he is a lucky fellow who has a whole one entirely to himself. But they mane well, they mane well."

The speaker wore a blue military frock coat, buttoned up closely to his chin, and a Basque bonnet drawn over his sunburnt brows, from beneath which flashed as bright a pair of merry, mischief-loving eyes as ever twinkled in the head of a son of Erin.

"We shall require little assistance in the way you name," replied Harold Tracy; "that is if our baggage arrive safely."

"Baggage!" repeated their new acquaintance, bowing with mock gravity; "baggage! ten thousand pardons. I was not aware of my presumption: every man's importance here is based upon his baggage. His catholic majesty is contained in a *sac de auzi*; mine goes into a pocket-handkerchief; but then he is a legitimate King of Spain and the Indies, I am only a poor colonel of artillery—Patrick O'Donnell, at your service."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Harry Burg, looking round, "have you really artillery with you?"
"We have a regiment of artillery at any rate," replied the officer, "only the guns haven't arrived yet; but we'll get them, as we did the muskets, in good time."

"Where from?" demanded our hero, struck by his frankness and good humor.
"From the enemy, sir, from the enemy," replied O'Donnell, proudly; "there

is scarcely a musket in the army that does not bear the tower-mark on it. England little imagines," he added, "the degraded wretches to whom she has entrusted them."

The young Englishmen did not permit the excitement of the scene, or the novelty of the position in which they were placed, to render them unmindful of Tom or William. Drawing their new acquaintance aside, they related to him the loss of their faithful followers, and entreated his advice as to the best means of ascertaining their fate.

"Poor fellows, poor fellows!" muttered the colonel, "I fear it is a sad one. But if any man can save them it is Father Thomas."

"Who?"
"Zumalacarregui, or El Tio Tomas, as the Spaniards call him; his eyes are everywhere, and his hands reach as far as he sees. Come with me," he added: "we shall find him in his tent."

Following their conductor, the speaker led them to a hut partially roofed with canvas, and partly thatched with straw and branches of trees. It was rather larger than those of the rest of the officers, but equally without furniture, unless a rude table and stool or two of hewn wood might be considered to merit the name.

At this table the Carlist general was seated writing, and his appearance impressed both Harry and his friend that they were in the presence of no ordinary person.

His features were thin and stern, but not morose in their expression. The profile had something of the antique, not unlike the basso-reliefs which have handed down the likeness of Hannibal; the brow dark, without being black; his moustaches joined the whiskers; and his dark gray eyes, overshadowed by thick bushy eyebrows, had a singular rapidity and intensity in their gaze.

Such was the appearance of the remarkable man who so long upheld the cause of legitimacy in Spain, and whose death alone prevented Don Carlos from ascending the throne. Of that death he shall have occasion hereafter to speak, and the results which it led to.

Recognizing O'Donnell, the general bade him wait an instant till he had completed his despatch. When he had finished and sealed it, he sent it off by an orderly in waiting; that done, he turned abruptly to his visitor and asked him what he wanted, and who his companions were.

An animated conversation ensued, of which Harold and Harry could only comprehend a portion. When fully acquainted with the party they had taken in the flight of the Bishop of Leon, Zumalacarregui requested them in French to explain as briefly as possible the circumstances under which their servants had been separated from them.

Our hero explained these in as few words as possible.
"Why not apply to the minister?" demanded the Spaniard.

"He is occupied with the King; and my friend here assures me that you are the only man who possesses either the power or the heart to save them."

The rough soldier repeated the word "heart" several times in a sarcastic tone, and yet it was evident he did not feel displeased with it.

"All that can be done I'll do," he said; "but even my power is limited. Fidelity, as you justly observe, should not be abandoned, though it is too often its fate in this world. O'Donnell," he added, turning to their friend, "send Ximenes to me."

The colonel left the hut, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by a little old man with an exceedingly meek expression of countenance.

"Repeat your statement to him, gentlemen."
So saying, the Carlist chief returned to the table, and began writing again, never once interfering in the conversation, till the young Englishmen had repeated their adventures to the new-comer, who listened most attentively to their statement.

"What say you?" said Zumalacarregui, addressing Ximenes.
"If living, I will save them."
"Good."
"If dead, you must avenge them."

"Good," again repeated the chief.
"In these days you shall have news of me."
That same evening Ximenes quitted the camp, and directed his way to the headquarters of Rodil.

CHAPTER XXXV.

And what is war?—A dark and desperate game,
Where lives and limbs, and hearts and souls of men
Are staked for knaves who profit by our shame,
And fling our gold, and scorn and crush us then,
Whilst millions fall for reasons few may ken.—MOLIER.

ALTHOUGH the chief of the smugglers had lost his life in the successful attempt to secure the escape of the Bishop of Leon, the promise he had made to our hero and Harry was religiously kept by his men; and the following day their baggage was brought safely to the camp, without the loss of a single article. The young Englishmen would a thousand times rather have seen their faithful followers restored to them.

During the day the young Englishmen were presented by the Bishop of Leon to Don Carlos. The monarch who was so brave, struggling to obtain possession of his crown received them graciously, thanking them for the great service they had rendered in restoring to him his friend and minister.

"The time will come, I trust," he added, "when I may be enabled to express my gratitude in a manner more worthy of me."

"Impossible, sire," replied our hero, deeply touched by his misfortune.
"A king is never greater than when contending against unmerited adversity."

"Were such the sentiments of all your countrymen," observed the prelate, "his Majesty would now be in Madrid, and his enemies at his feet."

"It is a rough welcome you have received," resumed the prince, gracefully changing the subject, "but it is a sincere one. You see how we are lodged ourselves," he added, glancing round the scantily furnished hut, which was little better than the one the Carlist general had assigned them, "and will not measure our hospitality by our means. Is it your intention to return to France?"

His visitors informed him of the loss of their servants, and the impossibility of their quitting the camp till they had ascertained their fate.

"The sentiment of true gentlemen," said the king, addressing his minister. "You will see that these young Englishmen receive every assistance. I will speak with Zumalacarregui on the subject myself. We must risk something to prove our gratitude."

Harold and Harry each possessed too much tact to inform his Majesty that the general had already forestalled him in promising to use every endeavor to recover the prisoners from the hands of the Christians—the only means the unfortunate prince had of showing his sense of their service.

They bowed silently and withdrew.

Under any other circumstances, the wild and picturesque appearance of the mountains, the lovely scenery, and the romantic circumstances in which they were placed, would have delighted the young Englishmen, but their spirit was saddened by the uncertainty they labored under respecting the fate of the prisoners. Tom had been more like a brother than a servant to his young master. It was one of those attachments which long service and fidelity justified.

"What will they say at home," he repeatedly asked himself, "if I return without him?"

The evening before the period fixed upon, the general sent for them. On entering his hut, they found him in earnest conversation with the plaid little old man, whom he had previously named as Ximenes, although by the troops he was more frequently spoken of as the Cardinal, from his celebrated namesake who so successfully governed Spain during the minority of Charles the Fifth.

"What is their fate?" eagerly demanded our hero.
It was the first word spoken on either side.

Zumalacarregui, instead of feeling offended by the abruptness of the question, held out his hand to him and smiled: his was one of those natures which appreciate feeling before ceremony.

"You are fortunate," he said; "they still live. Rodil, for once, has shown humanity to those in his power."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed both the young men, fervently.
"And you, too, general," added Harry; "for without you their case, I fear, would be hopeless."

They related to him their interview with the King, and the interest his Majesty had deigned to express in Tom and Will of the Belt.

"Repeat to these gentlemen the information you have brought," said the chief, nodding to the spy, who had hitherto remained silent.

Having given the order, the speaker resumed his seat at the table and began examining the reports of the generals of division, which had just been sent him.

"I have a son," began the old man, calmly, "the commandant of the Urbano of Villafraña, in the army of Rodil. It was a detachment of his regiment which had been sent to guard the frontiers, for the general of the rebels had somehow obtained information of the escape of the bishop from Bordeaux. Your servants, mistaking the Christians for friends, ran towards them, and as a matter of course were arrested and sent to headquarters at Lecaros, where they would instantly have been shot but for the interference of a fellow countryman, who happened to be with Rodil at the time."

"May heaven recompense him for his humanity!" exclaimed the friends.
Zumalacarregui sternly smiled: it was evident that he had been listening to every word, although apparently busy with his papers.

"You would not feel so grateful, perhaps, did you know his intentions," observed their informant, dryly. "The object of this benevolent Englishman," he continued, "was to get you into his power, for which purpose it was arranged that a soldier of the Urbano should pretend to desert, and bring you a forged message from the prisoners, imploring you to assist them in a project they had formed to escape."

"Impossible! no Englishman could be such a villain."
"Had he succeeded in obtaining your confidence," continued the narrator, heedless of the interruption, "he would have led you into an ambuscade, where you would both have been shot."

Harry and Harold gazed upon each other in mute surprise, for neither of them comprehended the motive of such relentless hate in any one. It is true he have been intended for his friend; but how the assassin should have tracked them into Spain, be present in the army of the Christians, and possess such influence over the general, passed his comprehension.

"There must be some error," he observed.
The spy shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.
"Ximenes is seldom mistaken," said the general, rising from the table. "I

have proved his fidelity by a hundred ways; in this instance I can vouch for the truth of every word he has uttered. It is more than—"
"And the soldier?" interrupted Harry, who felt anything but convinced.

"He arrived last night," replied Zumalacarregui.
"Can we see him?"
"Yes."

"Where?"
"Hanging on the gibbet to which my sentence condemned him," answered the chief. "The wretch confessed everything, and offered, if I would spare his wretched life, to turn traitor to those who had sent him on his perilous errand. But I refused to listen to his offers. I never confide in the man," he added, emphatically, "who binds himself to an act of villainy. Besides which, we shall liberate your friends, I trust, without him. I have given my orders; at midnight we attack Lecaros. Your friends are confined in the old Moorish tower in the centre of the prison. If living, we shall rescue them; if dead, avenge them."

"Should their gaolers have received orders to butcher them," exclaimed Harold Tracy, who had heard a fearful account of the cruelty of the Christians, "the attack you speak of may but accelerate their fate. I am rich," he added, "and will willingly pay any ransom Rodil may exact."

"It would be useless," observed the Carlist leader; "the messenger who bore your offer would but expose himself to certain death. The danger you allude to has not escaped me, and I have taken the only means which, humanly speaking, can save them; they are warned; and, if they follow the directions conveyed to them, may defy the rage of their captors till the tower is won."

Harold and Harry insisted on being of the party. It had not been their intention to draw the sword on either side; but to have drawn back from an expedition undertaken solely with the view of releasing Tom and Will of the Belt, would have appeared like cowardice and ingratitude.

Their request was at once acceded to.

On quitting the hut of the general, Harold and Harry encountered their friend O'Donnell, whom they informed of the intended attack. Irishman-like, he was delighted at the intelligence—for, whatever defects may be urged against the sons of Erin, cowardice is the last that can be fairly laid to their charge.

"By my faith," he said, "I must contrive to go with you."
"Contrive!" repeated our hero, with an emphasis on the word.
"And a *dale* of contrivance it will require," continued the colonel. "You don't know El Tio Tomas yet. I'd like to see the general that would venture to join an expedition without his permission, or the one that would ask it," he added. "The Iron Duke, as we call him at home, was not a more terrible disciplinarian."

"How, then, will you manage it?"
"Insinuate it, my dear boys; insinuate it. He'll stand a hint, though he fires up at a request."

"What if the bishop were to solicit it?" observed Harold.
The officer gave a low whistle.

"Worse and worse!" he exclaimed; "the general is the best Catholic in the world, but he can't bear the interference of the clergy in military matters. Have it!" he added, struck with a sudden idea, "I'll just drop in as it were by accident, and tell him I've heard he has been inquiring for me—he'll know what that means; for if he hasn't done so he ought, that's all."

The speaker was spared the execution of this not very profound ruse by the arrival of an orderly, who placed a paper in his hand.

"All right!" shouted O'Donnell, after reading it. "El Tio is a trump; I'm ordered on service. Sure it would have been a slight to overlook an Irishman when the liberty of his countrymen is to be fought for. Barring the say," he added, "ain't we the same people?"

What the sea could possibly have to do with the distinction of race might have puzzled the merry-hearted fellow to explain, for like most of his countrymen his talent did not lie in definitions; but when the heart speaks, he must be a severe critic indeed who would criticise its language.

It is so seldom heard.

Full of spirits at the prospect of the immediate release of their servants, the two friends willingly accepted the invitation of the colonel to pass the intervening time before the attack in his hut. However short the rations might run, the gallant fellow was rarely without a cigar and a glass of the strong wine of the country, or a bottle of aquadente to offer to his visitors. In the present instance he was enabled to promise them something more—a tolerable dinner; his orderly, a native of the Basque provinces, having been most successful in a foraging expedition.

"You may ate it with good conscience," said O'Donnell, "seeing that the provisions were plundered from the enemy, and I cooked them myself."

Amongst many other excellent qualities, the speaker particularly prided himself on his skill in the culinary art, not the least valuable part of a soldier's education when campaigning in an enemy's country, as our late experience in the Crimea proved. Of this talent we may have occasion to speak, perhaps, more fully hereafter; it is now time that we return to the prisoners in the hands of the Christians.

The room or cell in the Moorish tower where Tom and Will of the Belt were confined was a tolerable one, situated in the upper portion of the building. Four walls, of immense thickness, on which some rude attempts at architectural ornament of an Oriental character still remained, supported a low vaulted stone ceiling, and the only entrance was by a stout oaken door, plate on either side with iron, which rendered it so heavy, that even when unfastened, it required the efforts of an exceedingly strong man to roll it back upon its ponderous hinges. When barred, the united strength of a dozen could not have shaken it.

There was not a window in the place, consequently the only light was a borrowed one, admitted through a strongly grated aperture from the adjoining hall, which the prison guard, a detachment of Urbano, occupied.

Confinement had produced a very different effect upon the minds of the two men. Tom was restless and uneasy, his mind distracted by doubts of the safety of his dear young master. The faithful fellow thought little of himself. His companion, on the contrary, felt perfectly assured that it was "all right," as he expressed it. Harry Burg was not the gentleman to leave him in the lurch; their being locked up must be all a mistake. They would be taken before a magistrate in the morning and released. All he complained of was the want of food.

"Magistrate!" repeated his fellow-captive, impatiently. "No doubt, and a party of the new police sent to fetch us."

Our readers must please to recollect that this was in 1834; the police were comparatively new then.

"But what can they do to us?" demanded Will, impatiently.
"I'm not thinking of that," exclaimed the former, "but what Sir Mordecai will say, and what they will think at the hall if any ill has befallen Squire Harold; that's what I am thinking of."

The above conversation took place on the second day of their imprisonment; the horrors of which had been increased by the scanty portion of food allotted them—about a pound of rye bread each, which had been well rubbed with garlic, and a pitcher of sour wine.

"I trust they don't mean to starve us," observed the wrestler, in a tone which indicated that he considered it long past the hour of feeding time.

"They are more likely to shoot us, from what I could make out," replied his companion, who philosophically answered that he considered it a much pleasanter death than starvation.

The ponderous key turned in the lock, and a soldier entered the cell with their rations. The fellow wore the uniform of the Urbano, the regiment most celebrated for their cruel treatment of all who fell into their hands. Tom recognised him in an instant as the one who had struck him in so cowardly a manner when his arms were bound, and his deep-set eyes sparkled with rage.

"Keep the door, Willie," he said, "and just see fair play."

This was an appeal his friend could not resist. It touched his manhood. Restraining his impatience to attack the provisions, coolly placing his shoulders against the ponderous door of the cell, he rolled it back into its place, and stood firmly planted against it.

The soldier, who had advanced into the centre of the room without the least suspicion of danger, for his comrades were in the adjoining hall, turned pale when he beheld the manoeuvre. The brutal are invariably cowards.

The little remaining courage the Spaniard possessed quickly disappeared when he beheld the incomprehensible signs and gyrations of Tom, who squared up to him and danced round him, calling on him all the while to defend himself like a man; for, Englishman-like, he scorned to strike him before he was upon his guard.

The Christiano most probably imagined it was some horrible incantation the heretic prisoner was performing, for he not only crossed himself and called on the saints to protect him, but, in an unhappy moment for himself, raised his hands before his face to shut out the horrible sight which he expected to follow.

The instant he did so Tom's gymnastics were most unpleasantly explained by a well-directed blow, which caused the eyes of his adversary to blink like those of an owl in sunlight.

The astonishment and rage of the Urbano increased with each succeeding blow, till his cries brought his comrades at last, not to his assistance, for that was impossible whilst Will of the Belt opposed his immense strength to their efforts to force the door, but as spectators of the punishment the ruffian so richly merited, which they beheld through the iron grate, uttering the while shouts of rage and fearful menaces, all of which Tom, even if he had understood them, would have heard with philosophic indifference, for his blood was up—the long pent-up indignation he felt at the outrage he had received had worked into his knuckles, and it was not till his enemy could no longer stand before him that he relented.

"Quarrel! quarrel!" cried the soldier; "quarrel, por Dios!"
"It's no use your cursing in French to me," observed the lad; "I don't understand a word of it; and if I did, I shouldn't mind it; it's all thrown away."

In his simplicity, Tom called every foreign language French; at any rate, they sounded so much alike that he could not tell the difference.

The Spaniard, who by this time had been severely punished, sank upon his knees. Tom understood that, and his fury calmed in an instant.

"Had enough of it?" he said, holding out his hand, for having thrashed him and vindicated the credit of his country, as he considered, sufficiently, he bore him no further malice.

The dastardly wretch grasped the hand so frankly extended towards him, and with the other drew a long Catalan knife from his sleeve. He sprang back to the eye of the active Englishman was swifter than the action. He sprang back to a considerable distance, disengaging himself by the effort, which let the assassin fall flat upon his face.

There was a murmur of disappointment amongst the soldiers at the grating, and several began to call for fire-arms, when the officer of the guard, attracted by their cries, fortunately made his appearance. Having been directed by Rodil himself to take charge of the prisoners, and see they were not ill-used, he repressed the fury of his men, and forbade their murderous project, till he had reported the affair to the general.

"Shall I let them in?" inquired the wretcher, after several attempts had been made to force open the door.

"Well," answered his companion, deliberately, "I don't see much use in holding out. I have acted like a man, haven't I, Will?"

"No doubt about that," answered his friend.

"And an Englishman?"

"Game to the backbone," answered his friend.

"Well, then," resumed the lad, "let them in; and if anything should occur—you know what I mean—don't forget my duty to my dear young master, or the message I gave you for Norah. I have been true to them both."

"What does this take me for?" demanded Will of the Belt, walking away from the door, and catching up a heavy oaken stool, a formidable weapon in his hands; "does think I'll stand by and see a half of those head hurt by these rascally Spaniards, as they are called. No, no, lad, share and share alike, that's Cumberland fashion. We'll live or die together."

The officer of the Urbanoes contented himself with ordering his men to remove their beaten comrades, which they did as quickly as possible, not judging themselves secure till the iron-plated door was once more barred between them and their prisoners.

No sooner were Tom and his fellow-prisoner released of the presence of the guard, than they seated themselves on the floor of their cell, and began quietly to discuss the rye bread and pitcher of sour wine which the soldier had brought them. During this operation his comrades, who still remained gazing at them through the grated aperture, recounted various instances of the terrible strength and courage of the English heretics, and their skill at box.

One old Urbano, who had served under Balasteros, in the war against the French, gravely related how he had seen a whole regiment of red-coats who had exhausted their ammunition, instead of running away as any body of men in their senses would have done, suddenly throw down their muskets and attack their enemies with their fists; the great Villainton, as he designated the Iron Duke, setting them the example.

As Spaniards never lie, (1) of course the story was believed: we leave our readers, however, to exercise their own opinion of the speaker's veracity. His countrymen believed him, and that was sufficient. In fact, we scarcely see how they could do otherwise with such a specimen of Tom's pugilistic skill before them as the disfigured features of their comrades presented.

It required all Helmsman's influence with Rodil to prevent the Christiano general from commanding the instant execution of the two Englishmen when the officer of the prison-guard reported the punishment which one of his men had received at their hands; for, jealous of the honor of his regiment, he described the thrashing as having been inflicted by both the prisoners instead of one. The reasons of the captain were too urgent to be disregarded; he was in the Christiano camp as the agent of the stock-jobbing clique in London who supplied the Queen's government with the means of war, in the success of which Rodil's own fortune and life, to say nothing of his military reputation, were compromised. He yielded, therefore, at last, but with an ill grace, and feeling very like a tiger disappointed of its prey.

"I spare their lives for the present," he exclaimed, petulantly, "since you desire it; but I cannot see the use of your fine-spun schemes to get their masters into my hands; not but I should like to have them. Your plans have already cost one of my men his life. Our pretended deserter does not return from the Carlist camp. No doubt," he added, "but that fiend incarnate, Zumalacarrregui, who has his spies everywhere, has discovered his errand, and either shot or hanged him."

"It matters little which," observed Helmsman, coolly, "since he has failed. I ask only for one more trial."

"Do as you please," replied the general; but I will not risk another soldier."

"Not the slightest occasion," resumed the former. "Amongst the friars whom you lately drove from the convent at Brera was an old Irishman, who still remains in the village. I propose to send him to the prisoners under pretence of preparing them for death, but, in reality, to obtain from them such a letter as I will dictate, imploring their masters to come and aid in their escape. Had my first messenger been armed with such a document he must have succeeded."

"And by whom do you propose to send it?"

"By the friar himself."

"His life," exclaimed Rodil, with a smile, "is of little consequence: do as you please."

Father Callaghan was accordingly sent for, and presented himself in less than an hour at the headquarters of the speaker. He was a stout jolly looking personage, whose countenance bore such evident marks of good feeling, that it explained the reluctance the old man felt to quit the neighborhood of the retreat where he had spent the greater portion of his days. Of all the community he alone remained: the younger ones had doffed the cowl and taken up arms in the cause of Don Carlos, where, to do them justice, they were fighting bravely.

The captain eyed the priest for some time before explaining the purpose he had been sent for; there was a twinkling intelligence in his sharp gray eyes he did not not exactly approve of.

"You have not forgotten your English, I presume?" he said.

The poor friar trembled, not with fear, but emotion; for so many years had elapsed since he heard the sound of his native tongue, that it vibrated on his ear like childhood's music.

"Not quite," he answered, respectfully.

"You will visit two Englishmen, who are confined in the Tower of the Moor, and prepare them for death."

"Are they Catholics?" demanded the old man.

"No! but what does that signify! according to your own creed they have all the greater need of consolation."

"True! very true."

"That is not all," continued his instructor; "you may hold out hopes of their lives being spared, nay, promise that such shall be the case, provided they consent to write a letter to their masters in the Carlist camp, which I will give you a copy of."

"I will do my best," was the reply.

His hearers were not altogether satisfied with the dry tone in which the assurance was made, but, having no other means of carrying out their nefarious design, they were compelled either to abandon their project or trust to his fidelity, which Rodil sought to secure by assuring him that if he failed he should be hanged or shot with them.

"My life is in the hands of your excellency," said the friar; "you need not doubt my seal."

"Return, then, in the evening," added Helmsman, "and the letter shall be ready."

The old man bowed his shaven head meekly, and quitted the room, the general scowling menacingly after him.

"They are all against us!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "There is not a monk or a curate's frock in Spain, from the soutane of the parish priest to the sizar of the prelate, but covers a traitor to the cause of the Queen."

Considering the manner in which the clergy had been despoiled of their revenues, and driven forth in many instances to perish of want in their old age, there was nothing very extraordinary in the assertion, or his suspicion of the agent the captain had selected.

As an additional precaution, he resolved to direct the captain of the Urbanoes to keep an eye upon him during his interview with the prisoners.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Who goes there?
A friar, come to shrieve your prisoners.—SHERIDAN.

It wanted but two hours of midnight—the time Zumalacarrregui had appointed for the attack upon Lecaros—when Father Callaghan entered the cell of the prisoners, whom hunger, to say nothing of the danger of their position, and uncertainty respecting the fate of Harold and Harry had rendered watchful. The scanty rations they had received had sharpened rather than satisfied their appetites.

"It's my belief," Will of the Belt frequently observed, "that these infernal Spaniards—would persist in confounding his enemies with that faithful race of animals—intend to starve us."

Tom placed his hands upon his stomach, and groaned in sympathy.

"Benedicite," said the friar.

"Don't speak any French," muttered the lad.

"Try English, then, my son," said the old man, with a benevolent smile.

"And sure it will be a blessing and a delight to me to comfort you in your affliction."

"Have you brought us anything to eat?" demanded William Franklin.

"Mine is spiritual food," answered the visitor.

The prisoners turned away, with a look of disappointment; they would have preferred more substantial fare.

"I am sent by the general to prepare you for death," added the speaker.

"Death!" repeated Tom; "why, what have we done? Death! I don't believe a word of it. We are Englishmen, who left our own country—that ever we should have been such precious fools—to see foreign parts—travelling with our own lawful masters."

"It's true as I am a Christian priest," continued father Callaghan, "and a sorrowful thing it is for me to have to tell you of it; but the general is inexorable."

"General who?" repeated Willie, not exactly comprehending the word.

"In fact, there is only one way of saving yourselves."

"There is one way, then," observed Tom; "well, we may as well hear it; they want money, I suppose. Neither the young Squire nor Sir Mordaunt will grudge a good round sum for our release; why didn't they say so at first, and treat us like human beings?"

"It's not money that is required."

"What then?"

"You must write the following letter to the gentlemen you call your masters, who are safe in the Carlist camp."

"Safe!" exclaimed the faithful fellow, with a cry of joy; "then you had better warn your general, as you call him, to mind what he is about; Harold Tracy, poor as I am—for I am only his servant, though he treats me like a friend—will avenge my blood as he would a brother's."

"You think, then, that if you wrote to him to come to a certain place and aid in your escape, he would not refuse?" observed the priest.

"Refuse!" repeated Tom; "he would not abandon a dog that he loved, much more a fellow creature who had served him honestly and truly."

"You have only to write, then."

"Of course I'll write."

The brow of the friar became clouded for an instant, as if with a feeling of displeasure, but the expression vanished in an instant; perhaps he gave the speaker credit for comprehending the villainous design more clearly than he really did. If so, he was wrong, for the lad had not the remotest suspicion of it.

"Listen," he said, drawing the copy of the letter Helmsman had so cunningly prepared from his pocket.

"Read away," said the prisoner.

"My dear young master—"

"That won't do," observed Tom; "I always call him Squire Harold."

"We can alter that," replied his visitor. "We have fallen into the hands of the enemy, who threaten either to hang or shoot us, and Will and I are afraid for our lives—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted William Franklin, "neither Master Harry nor his friend will believe that; we have never shown the white feather yet, have we, Tom?"

"Certainly not!" said the latter; "but go on."

"We have found a friend," continued the old man, "who has promised to assist us to escape, provided you pay him one hundred ounces. He will bring us to the old convent which stands half-way between the town and your camp, provided you agree to meet him there with the money—but you and Mr. Burg must come alone. He says he dare not trust himself if any of the Carlists, I think he calls them, come with you. Yours in great trouble and affliction, Tom and Will."

"But we ain't found a friend," observed the prisoners.

"That has nothing to do with the letter, my sons," replied the emissary of Rodil and the captain; "the question is, will you consent to write it?"

The young men regarded each other for several minutes in silence, as if to interrogate each other's suspicions, the speaker all the while watching them anxiously.

"No!" shouted Tom, with sudden determination, "I'll hang first. What I write and delude my dear young master into the hands of such a crew of blood-thirsty wretches, who only want to take his life! What would they say at the hall? What would my own heart say?"

Here the honest fellow dashed aside an involuntary tear, which had started at the mere thought of such an act of baseness.

"Remember life is sweet," urged the messenger.

"And my fists are tolerably hard," observed Tom, "as one of those fellows who are grinning at us through the bars of our cage, as if we were wild beasts in a show, will tell you; and as you would have found out before this but for your white hairs. Shame on you—shame!" he added, "to tempt a poor lad, who naturally clings to life, to save it by such a piece of rascality."

The fact that the Urbanoes were watching them had not escaped the notice of Father Callaghan; but for that he would long since have yielded to the impulse of his feelings, and shaken the speaker by the hand.

"White hairs or black hairs," exclaimed William Franklin—"old or young, if he makes the same devil's offer to me I'll twist his neck with as little ceremony as I would that of a Moor put."

The look which accompanied the words indicated that the speaker required little further provocation to put his menace into execution.

"And so lose your only chance of safety?"

"We don't want any such chances," retorted both the young men, angrily.

"Listen to me," continued the priest, "and, above all, express no signs of joy, for every look and gesture are watched. I am your friend; your devotion and honesty to your masters have made me so. Had you agreed to the offer which I was compelled to make, I would have left you both to die like dogs. But now, my boys, I'll do my best to save you, if you will only consent to be guided by me."

"I'll consent to anything but to write that rascally letter," observed Tom; and his companion in misfortune nodded approval of his determination.

"Sure," said Father Callaghan, falling once more into the accent and phrasing peculiar to his countrymen, but which at the moment of deep feeling he had laid aside, "you can pretend to write it."

"What good will that do?"

"Give us time," replied the former, in a whisper; "it's now ten: at midnight the place will be attacked by the Carlists—may the blessed saints prosper their cause! The moment of danger will be at the first onset. The Christians," he added, "invariably murder all their prisoners—the heathens!"

"Do they?" exclaimed Will of the Belt, looking round for something with which to defend himself.

"Whist!" cried their new friend, "whist—polley, boys—polley; sure if we have lost something of the innocence of the dove in these bloodthirsty times, the wisdom of the serpent is left. At the first shot I'll show you how to sport the oak, as we used to say at Maynooth. Now, kneel down, just to let the guard see that I have converted ye."

Will and Tom hesitated.

"Sure, an old man's blessing can't harm ye, boys."

The prisoners thought so too, and finally consented to receive the simple friar's benediction, which he gave them quite as heartily as if bestowed upon professors of his own creed.

Having thus succeeded, Father Callaghan next called to the captain of the guard, who was in the adjoining hall, to bring him a table, and pens, ink and paper.

The officer had no instructions to furnish the prisoners with either.

"Go and get them, then," replied the priest; "and make haste, or the prisoners may alter their minds."

"Saint Patrick has an eye upon us," he observed to the young men, giving them at the same time a rather clerical wink. "It's a special interposition: if there's any gratitude left in man, it ought to be the means of converting ye."

During a life passed in wandering over almost every country in Europe, we have frequently met with Irish priests resembling Father Callaghan, benevolent friars, learned men, settled in the foreign college or convent which received and educated them, but who, in speaking their English, retained not only the accent but all the drollery of the Emerald Isle.

Nearly an hour elapsed before the officer returned, with the order from headquarters to supply the prisoners with whatever the friar demanded. At the same time Rodil, with his usual cruelty, directed three grates to be dug, and a file of men to charge their muskets, in readiness to execute them as soon as the letter should be in his possession.

It was his intention that the agent of Helmsman's scheme should share the same fate as his fellow-countrymen.

To gain as much time as possible, the friar objected, first, to the ink—it was too thick; next, to the paper and pens—insisting that they should be changed—so that, when all was arranged to his satisfaction, and he could find no further pretence for delay, it wanted only a quarter of an hour of midnight.

"Sit, and pretend to write," he said, addressing Tom; "or, stay, write anything you please. That captain is a cunning fellow, as watchful as a lynx, and may take it into his head to drop in from time to time to notice the progress of your letter."

"I'll write to Norah," replied the lad.

"Sure, that's an Irish name!" replied the old man.

"And Norah is an Irish girl," observed the former; "as sweet and as good as ever lived 'yes' to the offer of an honest heart."

"Heaven bless you both, then, and send you safe back to her: that's my prayer; for Spain is a sad country now, whatever it once was."

By this time Tom had commenced his letter, and continued writing till he had finished nearly half a page, when he was startled by a distant shout and the discharge of firearms.

"Now, boys!" cried Father Callaghan; "I'll show you what 'sporting the oak' means! Help me, both on ye, for it's to save our lives!"

He drew from beneath his gown a heavy hammer and a couple of iron wedges. William Franklin, by his direction, drove the latter so far under the door that it was all but impossible to force it from the outside.

This task was no sooner accomplished than the voice of the captain was heard. The unexpected attack of the Carlists had been made on two points.

The first, which was intended as a mere feint, against the church at the other end of the town, converted by Rodil into a casern for his soldiers—the second against the prison.

"Let me in!" exclaimed the officer, whose orders were to shoot his prisoners in the event of any attempt being made to rescue them.

"Who prevents you?" demanded the friar, replying to him in Spanish.

"The door is fastened."

"Unbolt it, then."

"On the inside."

"Force it."

"Impossible," answered the commander of the Urbanoes, in an angry tone; "it is too well secured."

"Happy to hear it from your own mouth," replied the old man; "it is not the first time—"

The rest of the sentence was cut short by a loud explosion, accompanied by the shrieks of the wounded, the execrations of the Christians, and the cries of the assailants, whose petards had forced the gate of the prison, and enabled a party of them to enter the courtyard.

"Keep in the corners of the cell, boys," said the priest; "the cowardly villains will be firing at us through the grating."

The precaution was not an unnecessary one, for several shots were discharged at random by the guard in the adjoining hall through the aperture alluded to, but, fortunately, without effect.

The captain of the Urbanoes stormed and raved like a madman at the prospect of his prey escaping him. He feared, also, having to answer to Rodil for the non-execution of his orders. Calling to a party of his men, he desired them to fetch a heavy beam of wood, and use it as a battering-ram against the door.

At the first blow of this terrible contrivance the old man fell upon his knees and piously crossed himself.

Blessed St. Patrick! he murmured, "Ora pro nobis—"

Another crash brought forth an ejaculation for assistance to some other saint; but the iron-plated door still resisted.

"Now blessed be the tree it was made from!" exclaimed the friar, his hopes reviving when he saw how little it was shaken—"and the carpenter that framed it—he was an honest man—may his soul rest in peace—and did his work like a true Christian and a conscientious workman."

By this time the lower portion of the prison was in the hands of the Carlists, who, having reloaded, mounted to the second story, headed by O'Donnell, closely followed by Harold Tracy and his friend.

Between the Urbanoes and the royalists the most inextinguishable hatred existed, for they rarely showed mercy when they met, on either side.

On seeing their captain fall, shot through the head, at the first discharge of their assailants, his men retreated to the roof of the tower, but not without leaving several of their number dead in the hall they so lately occupied.

After gaining this comparatively secure position, the fugitives drew the ladder up after them, and began to jeer their enemies by calling them sons of monks, and other injurious names.

O'Donnell paused; with all his headlong bravery, he felt puzzled how to proceed.

"I fear it will end in a disappointment," he observed, "after all."

"Never," replied our hero, "will I quit this place till I have ascertained the fate of my faithful friend."

On recognizing the voice of his dear young master, Tom's excitement became fearful. He rushed to the door and insisted upon William Franklin and the monk removing the wedges.

"Better wait a little," said the old man, quietly, "till we are quite safe."

"Wait!" repeated the lad, seizing the hammer from his hand, "whilst they are murdering him—the blood-thirsty villains."

Half-a-dozen blows removed the impediment, and the liberated prisoners, followed by Father Callaghan, rushed into the hall.

"Are you hurt, squire," was Tom's first question, as Harold grasped him by the hand.

"Are these your friends?" demanded O'Donnell.

"Yes—and both safe," replied Harry Burg.

"In that case," replied the gallant Irishman, "the sooner we retreat the better. El Tio Tomas has already ordered the 'halto el fuego' to sound. Our men have carried the church, and are hastening to our assistance."

In making the attack Zumalacarrregui had not the slightest expectation of being able to hold possession of the town; the army of Rodil was far too numerous, and too well provided with artillery, for that. He had undertaken it solely with the intention of liberating the two English prisoners, and striking terror to his enemies by some daring exploit before retreating to the mountains.

"Take one of my pistols, Tom," said his master, thrusting one into his hand.

Harry Burg would have done the same by Will of the Belt, but the latter preferred a musket, which one of the Urbanoes had dropped: it was more in his way, he said; and, since his hands were free, he would advise those who wanted to stop him to look out for a few hard blows—Cumberland fashion.

The wretcher kept his word, for when the party quitted the prison and attempted to join their friends, who were advancing to their aid by the outskirts of the town, they found a regiment of peteros, which Rodil had hastily collected, drawn up to oppose them.

It being dark, their volley, fortunately, did but little execution. Will rushed in amongst them, striking with the butt end of his musket, which he whirled as lightly round his head as if he had been playing at single-stick.

Wherever it fell a skull was crushed; and the Carlists, encouraged by his example, used their weapons in a similar fashion.

The Christiano general absolutely foamed with rage.

"Fifty ounces," he cried, "for the head of that English giant."

The proffered recompense would doubtless have tempted many of his men to make the attempt; but the cry of "El Tio Tomas!" was heard; and Zumalacarrregui, at the head of his men, was seen advancing up the street, armed only with a riding-stick—for it was only in moments of extreme danger that he was ever known to draw his sword.

The enemy thought when he quitted the church at the extreme end of the town, that the Carlist leader had retreated. It was a feint, only to deceive them, for, instead of retiring to the mountains, he had passed through the suburbs, and would have reached the scene of conflict unperceived, but for the flames which suddenly broke out from the old tower of the prison, and now lit up the entire square.

The presence of this reinforcement decided the action. Rodil and his men retreated to their encampment, and the Carlists returned to the hills. Not having any artillery, it was impossible for them to keep the town.

As they were marching out of the square, Willie heard a groan, and, turning round, recognised Father Callaghan, who had been wounded in the leg by a random shot.

"Don't leave me, boy," said the old man, "to be butchered like a dog by the Christians when they return."

"Leave you!" replied Will. "What do you take me for? That bean't Cumberland fashion. If we have rough hands with our enemies, we bear true hearts for our friends. Lean on me."

The friendly priest attempted to rise, but the effort was too much for him. He sank back with a cry of pain.

"Lead me to some shelter," he murmured, "where I may die in peace."

By this time nearly half the Carlists had marched past them.

William Franklin reloaded for an instant, then, throwing aside his musket, caught the wounded man up in his arms, and notwithstanding his great weight, marched off with him as easily as if he had been carrying an infant.

Those who had so lately witnessed his courage cheered him for his humanity as he passed them.

For nearly a mile the brave fellow continued to march with his helpless burden, when Zumalacarrregui, seeing that they were not pursued, ordered his men to halt. As we before observed, he was a stern man—one who seldom smiled—but his deep-set gray eyes were lit with admiration when they fell upon the sturdy Englishman, as he advanced, perspiring at every pore, with the wounded priest in his arm.

Thrusting his hand into his pouch, he drew forth several pieces of gold and offered them to him.

"I don't want his money," said Will.

"What does he say?" inquired the general of O'Donnell, who had joined him.

"He says he does not require any recompense for what he has done," replied the colonel.

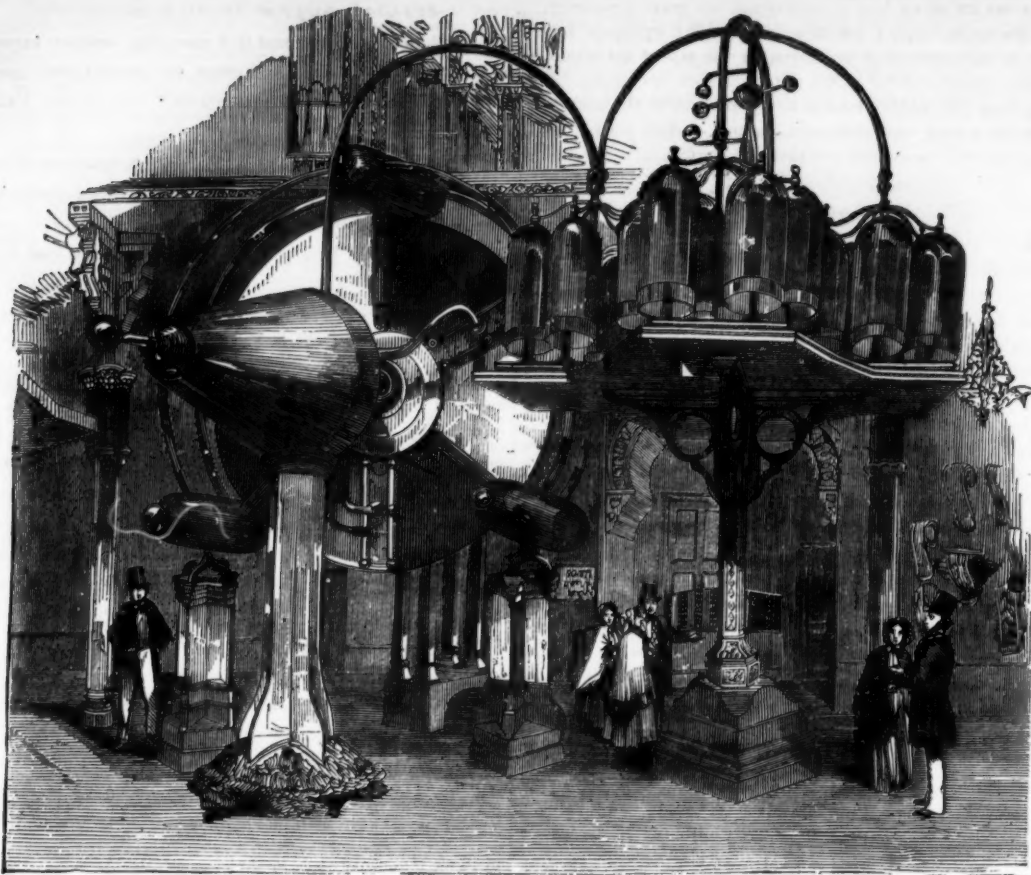
"Right," observed the Carlist; "such actions are their own reward. See that a brandard is prepared, and let this brave fellow be released of his burden."

"Ah, bien," he added, turning to our hero and Harry; "Your servants, I hear are safe; which are they?"

Harold pointed them out to him.

"They deserved your care; but our debt of gratitude is not yet paid. But it shall be," he added, suddenly knitting his brows and looking back towards the town; "the enemy who sought you and your friend's life has only escaped for the present."

"Enemy!" repeated the young Englishman, with surprise; "how did you know, general, that we had one?"



E. M. CLARKE'S GREAT ELECTRIC MACHINE, LONDON.

THE ELECTRICAL MACHINE AT THE PANOPTICON, LONDON.

EARLY writers compared the electric spark to flashes of lightning, but it remained for Franklin to verify their points of analogy. It would be superfluous here to enumerate wherein the numerous points of similarity were found by experiment to exist. We must not, however, forget to notice the application of the result of this great man's electrical discoveries to a purpose of practical utility. This is found in the conductor, such as is now in use—namely, a pointed rod of metal extending above the top of a building, and terminating in the earth, or in water, whereby a cloud, highly charged with electricity, might be discharged in safety through the perfect conductor to the earth. This brilliant discovery has immortalized the name of the American philosopher, and given him a place amongst the benefactors of his species. Since the time of Franklin, Priestly, Cavendish, Coulomb, Volta—whose discoveries gave a name to the voltaic branch of electricity—Lavoisier and Laplace have pursued their investigations in the same path, with various success; whilst the discovery of Galvani has almost created a new science. Although there is an opinion that electricity and galvanism are but modifications of the same agent—yet both the facts made known by experiment, and the theories deduced from them, have so few points in common, that they are treated as two distinct subjects. Connecting links, however, appear to exist between every branch of physical science—so the secret agency of the former may be traced in every operation of the latter. Upon this subject, however, we cannot here enlarge, but must content ourselves with again drawing attention to the electric machine, the largest in the world—of which we give an accurate engraving—and which must be regarded as another of the many proofs which this science has from time to time given of the careful investigations it receives at the hands of the experimental philosopher.

MR. R. GORDON CUMMING'S ADVENTURES.

WE next find Mr. Cumming with a few followers setting out on a cloudy morning to hunt the lion. Misty vapors hung on the shoulders of the mountains, and the air was loaded with balmy perfumes, emitted by the grateful plants and herbs. As they approached the carcass of a wildbeast which Mr. Cumming had previously shot, and which had proved attractive to a lion, they observed several jackals steal away, whilst some half-drowned looking vultures were sitting round it. Here is a picture of itself worthy the study of some of our best animal artists. The lion, how-

ever, is not yet on the scene; and being cold and hungry, the party turned their horses' heads towards the view of proceeding to their camp.

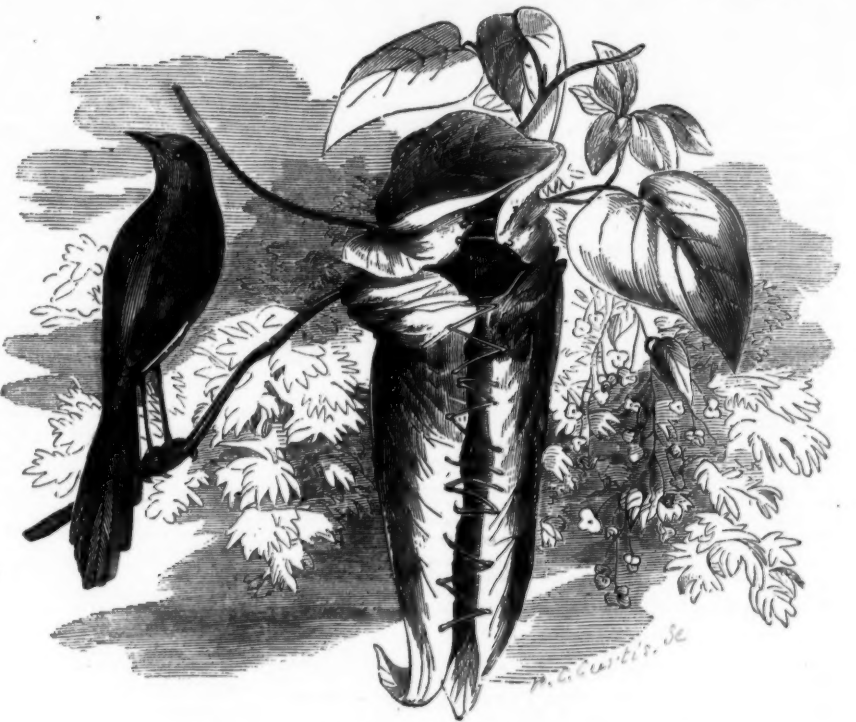
"Suddenly I observed a number of vultures," he says, "seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a large lion, consuming a blebok which he had killed. He was assisted in his repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with him in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion; to which they replied, 'What? what? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed caps on our rifles.' This was true; but while this short conversation was passing, the lion had observed us. Raising his full, round face, he examined us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring him to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively

steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon him at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that he or I must die.

"The lion having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with him. He was a large, full grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to his imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon him, he reduced his pace from a canter to a trot, carrying his tail straight out behind him, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to him to halt, as I wished to speak with him, upon which he suddenly pulled up, and sat on his haunches like a dog, with his back towards me, not even deigning to look round. He then appeared to say to himself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, he sprang to his feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving his tail slowly from side to side, showing his teeth, and growling fiercely. He next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This he did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed his hostile demonstrations, he quietly stretched out his massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples; and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lion sat up and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. He looked first at us, and then behind him, as if to see if the coast was clear; after which he made a short run towards us, uttering his deep drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass him, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this he carefully avoided to expose, presenting only his full front. My men as yet had been steady, but they were very much alarmed, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness! and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them.

"Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! He is within sixty yards of us and he keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to him. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at his breast, I let fly. The ball cracked loudly on his tawny hide, and crippled him in the shoulder, upon which he charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye he was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus' rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lion sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with his horrid teeth and jaws.

"I then stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance he should give me of a clear shot. This he quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge he had now taken, he quitted Colesberg, and, slewing his tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me. Taking one step to the left, I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lion was stretched on the plain a lifeless mass. In the struggles of death he had turned on his back, and stretched his neck and fore arms convulsively, when he fell back to his former position



HANGING-NEST OF THE PLAIN-SUITED TAILOR BIRD. SEE PAGE 282.



THE WOUNDED LION. FROM R. GORDON CUMMING'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

his mighty arms hung powerless by his side, his lower jaw fell, blood streamed from his mouth, and he expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them leaving me standing alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lion, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.

"Having skinned the lion and cut off his head, we placed his trophies upon Beauty, and held for camp. Before we had proceeded a hundred yards from the carcass, upwards of sixty vultures, whom the lion had often fed, were feasting on his remains.

"Our next duty was to lead poor Colesberg slowly home, where, having washed his wounds and carefully stitched them together, I ordered the cold water cure to be adopted. Under this treatment his wounds rapidly healed, and he eventually recovered."

THE LONDON TIMES.—A rich Frenchman, M. Millaud, who has recently purchased the Parisian Presse, had an idea of buying the London Times. He wrote to the proprietors on the subject, and received the following reply: "Monsieur: Anchor in the Thames with three vessels loaded with gold, and then it may not be impossible for us to enter upon the discussion of the preliminaries."

THE "GREYNA PRIESTHOOD."—Mr. J. Murray, of the Greytna toll-bar, performed his last splicing operation at the close of December, and he presented the "happy couple" with an eight-day clock, a cheese and a bottle of whisky; for, having made his fortune, he was in good humor. He is about to return to agriculture. Mr. Simon Laing, having left the loom to take upon himself his now defunct office, is about to resume the shuttle. Sic transit gloria mundi.

THE Marchioness Dowager of La Rochejaquelein, the celebrated lady who rode on horseback by the side of her husband in the war of La Vendée, has just died at Orleans, in the 84th year of her age.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.

The Grand Dramatic Spectacle, entitled
THE USURPER OF SIAM; OR, THE ELEPHANTS OF INO-KAMI.
 With the world-renowned and learned Elephants
 VICTORIA AND ALBERT.
 Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents;
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 This new and beautiful Theatre is now open for the season. An attractive
 entertainment every night.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
 seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

BOWERY THEATRE.—SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.

ACTING STAGE MANAGER, MR. J. B. HOWE.
 Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BROUGHAM, and all the great Company.
 Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 Cents; Boxes, 25 Cents; Pit and Gallery,
 12½ Cents; Private Boxes, \$5.
 Doors open at seven; to commence at half-past seven.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.

The old favorites together again:
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 Miss MATILDA HERON.
 Supported by the universal favorite,
 Mrs. HOEY.
 Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

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THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.
 Mlle. ROBERT.
 Mme. MONPLAISIR. PAUL BRILLIANT.
 LEON ESPINOSA. Young HENGLER.
 Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents; Orchestra
 Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5.

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 or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of
 remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully
 received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will
 be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon
 our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us
 with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every-
 thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic
 manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trilmer & Co., 12 Paternoster Row,
 London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1857.

SPURGEON THE PREACHER.

THE fame of this new star among clerical orators originally
 reached this country through channels which were calculated,
 it would seem, to lead astray the public mind and give a false
 impression of his intellectual power and real purposes. It
 appears on examination that he is justly entitled to a high place
 not only for his superior oratory, but also for his mental power.
 His sermons, a volume of which have been recently issued by
 Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., "abound," says the *Evangelist*, "in
 illustrations, which are always simple, yet often felicitous and
 beautiful." He is also full of anecdotes, and tells a story with
 great effect. The impression of these is heightened by his
 remarkable dramatic talent, in which he resembles Gough, or
 Father Taylor, the sailors' preacher of Boston. Mingled with
 these vivid pictures are frequent quotations of spirit-stirring
 hymns, which quicken the blood like the sound of a trumpet.
 When to these elements of power, we add a voice of such
 compass as to be heard distinctly by an assembly of ten thousand

persons, we are at no loss to understand his great popularity." If popularity be really a test of merit, then Mr. Spurgeon must be among the greatest of preachers, for the sale of his sermons have been unprecedented in the history of such literature. Believing that the public take a lively interest in the man, we have given among our illustrated pages a correct portrait and view of his birthplace, with a sketch of his life.

MR. CASS AND ENGLISH PUBLIC OPINION.

THE London *Times* of the 10th of March contains a leader commenting upon the appointment of Mr. Cass as Secretary of State. The warlike disposition of the Secretary, as displayed through many years in his speeches in the U. S. Senate, caused his appointment to create some alarm among commercial circles in this country, and those disposed to speculate on the subject were anxious to know what would be the feeling in England upon receiving the intelligence of his appointment.

The *Times* records the event and takes the whole thing with a most sensible and philosophic spirit. It seems to understand the radical difference between a politician making speeches for political effect and a man acting upon principles, and with the knowledge that his language conveys meaning, has responsibility, and is not uttered to sway an election or please the ears of a thoughtless mob. "The Thunderer" has also occupied much space in denouncing American institutions and American public men, and Mr. Cass has, as an offset, rivalled the example set by "the organ across the water," and in turn has denounced England and impugned the motions of her statesmen; and now upon cooler judgment the *Times* and Mr. Cass agree, that what they have heretofore said offensive must be received in the Pickwickian sense, and that they did not mean anything serious after all. Perhaps it would have been as well if the *Times* and Mr. Cass had been less fond of playing with edged tools, for if the American and English masses were less well informed of their true interests and the true glory of their respective countries, war might have resulted from their dangerous indulgences, and the two freest nations on the earth, nations owning the same origin, speaking the same language, and having almost every material interest in common, would have been, long ere this, engaged in the unholy work of mutual destruction. The *Times*, conscious of some inconsistency in this matter, concludes its article as follows:

"Perhaps we shall be suspected of wishing to make the best of a bad business, but we cannot refrain from saying that in dealing with a Democratic community like the United States, it may, perhaps, be as well to treat through Ministers who have a reputation for a strong national and anti-English spirit. It is quite possible that men like Mr. Buchanan and General Cass can afford to be more conciliatory in action than others, simply because in profession they have always been distrustful and hostile. A President who has his reputation for spirit to make may not unnaturally shrink from concluding a treaty or joining in diplomatic action with this country, well knowing that he is likely to be represented in hundreds of newspapers as having been intimidated or over-reached. But a man who can point to his former speeches, and ask if it is likely that he would do an act derogatory to his country's dignity, may be able to conduct international business in a friendly spirit. Such, we trust, will be the case with Mr. Buchanan and his Lieutenant. They will have it in their power to remove the only cause of difference between the two countries by the ratification of the Central American Treaty, and we do not think that they will lose the opportunity."

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.—Moralists speculate a great deal upon the cause of crime, particularly as developed in our large cities. Every one has his theory; few, we fear, find out the real secret. Perhaps it has never been more eloquently given than in the following extract, which we copy from the New Orleans *Delta*. That paper, commenting on the horrors of the Burdell tragedy, says:

"We believe, however, that there is one general cause—one absorbing passion—one terrible mania—one epidemic lunacy which will come nearer than any other to comprehending the peculiar and diabolical horror which characterizes the crime of the middle portion of this nineteenth century, and that is, to wit: The prevalent cupidity of the time, which has debased intellect by measuring it by a strict money standard; depraved manhood by making a balance on bank account its superior, to which it must do reverence or starve; and brought honesty into discount by making successful villainy a sure avenue to respect and admiration. Bolingbroke said, that if money got in the head, it would soon gravitate to the heart. It is in the head and heart of this generation, and its subtle poison is diffused through every artery and vein, every organ and limb. Men struggle with maniacal desperation for wealth, as never struggled intellectual beings before, and drinking the Circean cup to the dregs, they are men no more, yet too vile for beasts and too despicable for demons. The rich become richer, the poor poorer, and wretchedness, and insanity, and blood-curdling crime fill up the interval between their ranks. So Avarice does its work; so it is worshipped, so it is deified; so madness is the fate of its votaries, and their libations the tears of wretched women and children, and the blood of murdered victims. Burdell was a faithful worshipper, but he also became a victim. There was plotting for his plotting, passion for his passion, cupidity for his cupidity, licentiousness grosser than his, and above all, hearts of more desperate hate, and hands nerved to guide the murderous dagger. So he fell. How many other similar tragedies may be in rehearsal? How many other victims will be immolated before the horrid shrine will pass away?"

THE following appointments for the port of New York have been made by the President: Collector, Augustus Schell; Surveyor, Emanuel B. Hart; Navy Agent, George B. Sanders; Marshal, Isaiah Rynders; Naval Officer, Mr. Birdsall.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We shall next week commence a new Tale, written expressly for our paper by Miss E. A. DUNE, the popular and talented author of "The Country Neighborhood," "Huguenot Exiles," "The Miser's Curse," &c., &c.

This tale we have selected from a very large number which have been offered us for publication, and we can cordially recommend it to our readers as one of the most intensely interesting and elegant stories ever published in the country. It is entitled—

OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR, THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

This story is from the pen of a lady distinguished as an ornament in the most refined circles of the South; and one who, while she combines great power in the use of her pen, and possesses a strong and nervous intellect, is still remarkable for delineating the loveliest scenes of domestic life, and for her delicacy and extreme refinement; and yet few authors of the sterner sex equal her in portraying those terrible pictures in which passion and the most intense emotions are brought into action.

The scene of this bewitching story opens upon an old ancestral estate in Virginia, and introduces characters in which are strongly compounded all the virtues and weaknesses of persons living under republican institutions, yet cherishing in their hearts a pride peculiar to the aristocracy of the mother country. The plotting and counter-plotting, the struggles of pride with love, of sympathy with despair, are delineated with a master hand, reminding the reader of those subtle analyses so peculiar to Jane Eyre.

This story will be most brilliantly illustrated, and the scenery introduced will be drawn from nature; the living, sentient beings, from the pencil of one of our most distinguished artists. In conclusion of this notice, we will repeat that we are anxious to make our paper the medium of conveying to the family circle, that sacred, nay holy place, such literature as will amuse, instruct and deeply interest, but will at the same time leave no impression behind but of goodness and of virtue. To accomplish this we shall spare no trouble or outlay; and if we fail ever in our anticipations, it will be because we cannot always, even by lavish expenditure of money and the most unrelenting care, accomplish our most cherished wishes.

"THE Douglass collection" of pictures was disposed of at auction on Thursday, March 26th, at the rooms of H. H. Leeds & Co. The pieces were good, and, as a mere pecuniary speculation, turned out favorable to the proprietor. Among the pictures by American artists we noticed those of Cropsey, Cranche, Kensett and Oddie. Of all the paintings sold, a landscape trout-fishing by Oddie, all things considered, brought the highest price. The authentic English pictures sold also brought very handsome prices.



MR. BUCHANAN TASTING THE DRINKING WATER AT WASHINGTON, FROM "PUNCH."

THE very best things which appear in *Punch* are its humorous illustrations. Nothing in modern art—or in any other department—approaches them in excellence, and in the perfect manner they carry out the design intended. Much of the point of the picture we have copied from England's agreeable joker is lost, because it has "at home" a local application; we have therefore deemed it proper and right to drop its original signification, and christen the bantering with a name more expressive of our own demand, for while we know Mr. Buchanan has made wry faces over the poisoned waters of the National Capital, we are not aware that he has been particularly given to any such muscular visitation about the dark waters scooped from the waves of political agitation. While Mr. Buchanan was a resident of London, *Punch* evidently had his eye on him, and hence the inimitable drawing, where the whole character is changed, yet the likeness most amusingly preserved.

NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE REFRACTIVE STEREOSCOPE.—The invention of this remarkable instrument has been generally attributed, especially by the French, to Sir David Brewster. A recent writer has corrected the error. The Abbé Moigno, in giving an account of his visit to England, in his "Journal de Cosmos," observes that he saw, in the hands of the eminent Mr. Wheatstone, a letter written by Brewster, dated September 27, 1838, containing, besides other things, the sentence:—"I have also stated to Lord Rosse that you promised to order for me your stereoscope, both with reflectors and prisms." The stereoscope by refraction, says M. Moigno, as well as that by reflection, is Wheatstone's. The refracting stereoscope invented by Sir David is a form in which the two prisms are the halves of a lens.

NEW KIND OF ENGRAVING.—A French mechanic has produced a machine which engraved lines so minute as to be indistinguishable and almost imperceptible to the naked eye. It is designed for the production of private marks in bank notes, and is capable of producing two hundred thousand different combinations of minute kaleidoscopic line-figures, only to be seen by the aid of a powerful microscope, yet perfectly regular and distinct, and insusceptible of being imitated. At every turn of the tiny wheels which work it, the machine produces four entirely new designs, exceedingly complicated and quite different from one another. The machine is regarded as one of great practical importance.

ALUMINUM.—This new metal holds a position between the precious metals—platinum, gold and silver, and the common ones—iron, copper, lead and zinc. Its chemical properties are therefore invaluable, and it is being produced in large quantities and at a moderate price, it would revolutionize the arts. It has already been formed into various articles of utility and ornament.

GAS FROM WOOD.—According to the experiments which have been made lately, it appears that a cord of light wood will yield twenty-four thousand cubic feet of gas. The cord cost \$6.50, but as the charcoal remaining after the gas has been extracted sells for \$4, the actual cost of the cord is \$2.50 only. On the other hand, a ton of coal, which costs \$10, yields only eight thousand cubic feet. It thus appears that coal costs four times as much as wood, while it yields only one-third as much gas.

CRYSTALS OF CARBON.—M. Despretz has produced, from a charcoal prepared from crystallized sugar, crystals of carbon having all the properties of the diamond—a result obtained by the long-continued action of the galvanic battery. The crystals are microscopic, but clearly recognised as octahedra—some black, others transparent. Gauden, the famous lapidary, found the crystals to cut diamonds and rubies like powdered diamonds themselves. Yet it remains an achievement of chemical science to produce these crystals of a size sufficient for ornamental purposes. The diamond, on account of its hardness, transparency, brilliancy and rarity, has always been regarded as one of the most valuable of the precious stones. It has also long been known to consist of pure carbon in a crystallized state. Chemically, it differs but little from charcoal, blacked or lampblack; it may be readily burned in oxygen gas, and the resulting compound is carbonic acid—precisely what arises from combustion of charcoal.

MAGNETIC IRON.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, writing from Bloomfield, in this State, says that on a railroad near the town there is an up-hill grade, running north-west, of eighty or ninety feet to the mile, on which each of the individual rails is a magnet, the upper end being a south pole and the lower end a north pole. He presumes that on all inclined railway grades it is the same, no matter what may be the direction, or from what mine the iron came, as there is a law of magnetism that all bars of iron become magnets the moment they are raised from a horizontal position. This magnetic lay, he thinks, has not been considered enough on board of vessels, in relation to local attraction.

A NOTABLE WORK OF ART.—Mr. Parris, after three years of solitary labor high up in the inside dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has at length completed, and in handsome manner, his re-painting of the eighth dining old picture, originally done by Sir James Thornhill, in the reign of Charles II.

GAS MANUFACTURE.—The London *Mining Journal* mentions some improvements which have been made in the manufacture of gas. The processes are based, first, upon an improved method of rendering luminous the gases resulting from the perfect decomposition of water or steam; and, second, upon the conservative influence which hydrogen exercises in protecting the matter upon which the illuminating power of gas depends, from decomposition by heat. The first point is gained by condensing the water gases, and then passing them through a heated retort containing carbonaceous matter, and afterwards these gases are admitted in regulated quantities into retorts, where carbonaceous matter is undergoing distillation or decomposition, and by which they are rendered highly luminous.

THE FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

HOOPING-COUGH.

On no subject, perhaps, does there exist so much lamentable ignorance and dark superstition as on that of phlegm; and the disease before us is one of those which is supposed to give way to specific charms of various kinds. Children suffering from hooping-cough are sent out in the coldest weather, at all seasons of the year, because the air is supposed to be a sovereign cure for this malady in all its stages. The intelligent visitor of the poor will be startled by assertions utterly at variance with reason and common sense; for instance, a mother will say, with great self-esteem in her look and tone, "I have taken out my child fasting for nine mornings, and put him through a bramble three times every morning; but his cough isn't no better," a keen north wind prevailing perhaps at the time. It is not to the poor and unlettered only that this superstition is confined. An early friend of the writer married a dignitary of the church; his four children were attacked with the hooping-cough, and, attending to the advice of her nurse in presence to that of her medical man, she sent the children out daily for some hours, and that, too, in the month of March. Two of the poor babies died, and the two others struggled through a very severe illness.

Hooping-cough is thought to have been introduced into Europe from Africa, and, like most other complaints, varies much in intensity. It is a highly infectious disease, and grown persons are liable to its influence; but it commonly takes place between the ages of four months and twelve years. It usually begins as a common cough, and is attended with the general symptoms of having taken cold; but in its progress, soon becomes more severe; though, the longer it is discoverable by the hoop, the more favorable it is likely to be. A frequent discharge from the mouth, nose, and eyes, food often rejected, together with large quantities of phlegm, after which the child generally appears pretty well, and eats his food heartily—these are the most common symptoms. When the disease is violent, they become greatly aggravated, especially during the night, and the child will appear almost strangled, becoming livid, and blood often starting from the nose and eyes. The following is a favorite prescription of the late Mr. Tuckwell, of Oxford, who, for skill in the profession, courtesy of manner, and kindness of heart, has had few equals, and who has left in that university an almost imperishable memory:

Dissolve one scruple of salt of tartar, in a quarter of a pint of soft water; add to it ten grains of cochineal, finely powdered, and sweeten it with lump sugar.

This medicine is also highly recommended in the *Lancet*. The dose for an infant is a teaspoonful four times a day; from five years old upwards, a tablespoonful may be taken; but as the paroxysms of this complaint are much aggravated by the resistance of the child to swallow medicine, it is very desirable to abstain, if possible, from giving any internal remedy. The following embrocation was given to me by a gentleman, now one of the leading practitioners in Oxford; and for spasmodic coughs of all kinds, as well as for inflammatory croup, it is invaluable: Two drachms of tincture of opium; two ounces of camphor liniment. A teaspoonful to be rubbed in over the throat and chest every night and morning, and cover the parts immediately with flannel. If the chest is loaded with phlegm, an emetic must be given once, twice, or three times a week, as required. Ipecacuanha wine is most suitable, and the dose for a child of four or five years is two and a half or three drachms. For the benefit of those who like the physicking system, I will give in this article an approved mixture for hooping-cough.

During the first stages of this disorder, the patient should breathe an equal temperature, as nearly as it can be managed, not too warm and close, but equal; and when the violence of the disorder has passed away, the open air (if the weather be mild,) may be frequently resorted to; and a change of air, where it is practicable, will often remove at once all remains of the complaint.

The only thing that remains to be mentioned is the proper diet, which is, indeed, of paramount importance; and for children of even six and seven years of age ought to be little more than milk and broth. These are nourishing, and more readily digested than meats or puddings. One prevalent error is, that milk engenders phlegm; but this is a gross mistake, that cannot be too frequently controverted. Should the milk be found to curdle on the stomach, a little common salt must be added; or, better still, use sweetened milk, if it is attainable. These light nutriment quickly pass out of the stomach, or if brought up by coughing twenty times during the day (which is sometimes the case,) the child will immediately take more with avidity.

If thirst prevails, a little toast and water may be given. When taken in time, and treated properly, hooping-cough is scarcely ever fatal, indeed never, as long as the patient is free from fever, or other disease. If the attack, from its length and severity, should cause a loss of strength, it will soon be recruited by a cold infusion of bark, gentle exercise, and pure uninfected air, and dieted with a nourishing broth, made as follows:

Take three-quarters of a pound of veal, the same quantity of beef, chopped very fine, and simmered for three hours in about two quarts of water. Strain it, and let the invalid drink the clear liquid, hot or cold, as may be most agreeable.

MIXTURE FOR HOOPING-COUGH.—Ipecacuanha wine, 2 drachms; carbonate of soda, half a drachm; pargoric elixir, 1 drachm; water, 1 ounce. A teaspoonful or two (according to the age of the patient) may be given three times a day.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

DIRECTIONS FOR CARVING JOINTS.

In assisting the more fleshy joints, such as beef, leg, or saddle of mutton, and fillet of veal, cut thin, smooth, and neat slices; taking care to pass the knife through to the bones of beef and mutton.

The carver would be saved much trouble, if the joints of carcass pieces of mutton, lamb, and veal, were divided by the butcher previous to cooking. If the whole of the meat belonging to each bone should be too thick, a slice may be taken off from between every two bones.

In assisting some boiled joints, as aitch-bone or round of beef, remove and lay aside a thick slice from the top, before you begin to serve.

Cut off a slice three-quarters of an inch thick, from the upper part, from 1 to 2; then help in long thin slices. The soft marrow-like fat lies below 3, at the back: the firm fat is to be cut in thin horizontal slices at 4. Before sending to table, the wooden skewers should be removed, and aitch inserted, which may be withdrawn when you cut down to them.

There are two modes of helping this joint; either by carving long thin slices from 3 to 4, and assisting a portion of the marrowy fat, which is found underneath the ribs, to each person; or, by cutting thicker slices in the direction 1 to 2. When sent to table the joint should be laid down on the dish with the surface 2 uppermost.

RIBS OF BEEF are carved similar to the sirloin, commencing at the thin end of the joint, and cutting long slices, so as to assist fat and lean at the same time. **ROUND, OR BUTT OF BEEF.**—Remove the upper surface in the same manner as for an aitch-bone of beef, carve thin horizontal slices of fat and lean, as evenly as possible. It requires a sharp knife and steady hand to carve it well. **BUSK OF BEEF** must be carved in the direction 1 and 2, quite down to the bone, after cutting off the outside, which should be about three-quarters of an inch thick.

First cut down to the bone, in the direction of the line 1, and assist thin slices of lean from each side of the incision. The best fat is found at 2, and should be cut in thin slices in the direction of that line. Several delicate slices may be cut on either side of the line 3, and there are some nice bits on the under-side, especially near the shank and the flap. Some carve this joint by cutting long slices from the knuckle to the broad end, which is, in fact, an extension of line 3; it is not an economical way. When sent to table, the knuckle should be bound round with writing-paper, or a knitted ornament, as for ham.

Whether mutton is esteemed most, and may be known by a lump of fat at the edge of the broadest part, as at 7. The finest slices are to be obtained from the centre, by cutting in the direction 1 to 2; and some very good cuts may be got off the broad end from 5 to 6. Some persons prefer the knuckle, which, though tender, is dry; the question should therefore be asked. By turning over the leg, some excellent slices may be procured, especially when it is cold, by cutting lengthways, the same as carving venison. The cramp-bone is another delicacy, and is obtained by cutting down to the thigh-bone at 4, and passing the knife under it in a semi-circular direction to 3. The fat lies chiefly on the ridge 5. When sent to table, it should be on the dish as represented above, but should be turned over if roasted.

HAUNCH OF MUTTON consists of the leg and part of the loin, cut so as to resemble a haunch of venison, and is to be carved in the same manner.

SADDLE, OR CHINE OF MUTTON.—This is an excellent and elegant joint, and should be carved in long thin smooth slices from the tail to the end, commencing close to the back-bone—a portion of fat being assisted with each slice, which must be taken from the sides. It is carved on both sides of the back-bone. Some carvers make an incision close to the back-bone throughout its length, and cut slices crossways from thence. If sent to table with the tail on, it may be removed by cutting between the joint.

LOIN OF MUTTON is easily carved, as the bones are divided at the joints. Begin at the narrow end, and take off the chops; some slices of meat may be obtained between the bones, when the joints are cut through.

LEG OF MUTTON. When sent to table, it should be on the dish as represented above, but should be turned over if roasted.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON. When sent to table, it should be on the dish as represented above, but should be turned over if roasted.

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A BOTTOMLESS LIFE BOAT.

HOWEVER strange and paradoxical may appear the announcement of a life-boat without a bottom, and provocative as it may be of a smile in the nineteenth century, yet an attentive perusal of the following description of our illustration will at once satisfy the most sceptical that a vessel better deserving the name of life-boat, or "Conservator Vita," as the inventor styles it, has not yet made its appearance in our marine architecture.

The inventor of this most ingenious boat is Mr. Holbrook, a native of Hull, England, and, until recently, a resident of that town. He there first presented a model of the life-boat; and though it was then very imperfect as compared with the present one, yet it met with almost universal approbation from the civic authorities and the nautical men of Hull.

It is a singular fact that every attempt to construct what may be really found to be a life-boat has hitherto proved a failure, inasmuch as the principle adopted in the construction was found to be insufficient to counteract or resist the force of the ocean in a storm. To make a boat capable of doing so has been the desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and Mr. Holbrook thinks he has supplied it. His "Conservator Vita," on the ocean is constructed on the principle of making the water it floats in supply the ballast, by raising the water within it to the level of that without. The boat now in course of construction, and which is the subject of this sketch, is to be made entirely of bar and sheet iron; her ribs are set endwise against the water, are about two feet apart, and traversed by iron rods; and the spaces between these divisions are entirely open, and admit the free flow of the sea! People will exclaim, "Oh, of what use is such a boat as this? Surely if the water is to flow in, we shall all get drowned!" No doubt about that; but in the generality of life-boats with bottoms, hitherto launched, people not only got drowned, but got upset, and sometimes drowned too; and surely, therefore, the alternative of getting wet to getting drowned will not be slowly chosen. This new life-boat is to have her sides formed of iron boxes or compartments, perfectly water-tight, and capable of containing provisions, clothes, fuel, &c., for one hundred people for a week. Her stern is round, and forms an arch underneath, quite open; so that if ships a sea, or dips into the trough of the waves, the water must pass off, as there is no reservoir for it, and the buoyancy of the sides renders it all but impossible for the boat to upset. The whole framework of this novel opponent of disaster at sea is to be covered with a strong netting, so that it will be secure from such an accident as that of falling through the bottom; while the ribs underneath form the thwart for the sailors to place their feet against, those amidships will have seats rested on them; and the gunwale, which will be about a foot high, and formed also of iron rails, will have the row-locks fixed therein, so that the operation of rowing can be performed, in case it should be preferred to shipping a mast and sail, for which ample provision is made, and she can be guided through her treacherous element by either an oar or rudder. In her bow is fixed the cooking apparatus, which is of the most simple yet most complete and perfect construction; and every possible want of a large number of persons escaping from a wreck appears to have been provided for.

Now, when we bear in mind this most appalling but most authentic fact, that nearly sixty thousand human beings perish annually by wrecks at sea, surely it is not too much to expect that, when the appliances of this life-boat are tested, and found to answer all reasonable expectations, that every ship in the American service—shall be supplied with at least one such life-boat.

The illustration furnished by our artist represents the boat as she ought to be; that is, lying upon the coast, and ready for use at a moment's notice.

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MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

EPHESUS.—Famous for the temple of Diana, which magnificent structure was one of the seven wonders of the world; was 425 feet long and 220 broad, and cost 220 years of labor. Cleopatra was the chief architect, and 127 kings contributed to its grandeur. The temple was burnt by Krostatus, solely to perpetuate his memory, 356 A. C. It rose from its ruins, and was richer and more splendid than before; but it was again burnt A. D. 260.

EPHORI.—Powerful magistrates of Sparta, first created by Theopompus to control the royal power, 700 B. C. They were five in number, and acting as censors in the state, they could check and restrain the authority of the kings, and even imprison them, when they were guilty of irregularities.

EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY.—Epicurus of Gargettus, near Athens, was the founder of it, about 300 B. C. and taught that the greatest good consists in a happiness, springing not from sensual gratifications or vicious pleasures, but from virtue, and consisting in the peace and harmony of the soul with itself. His disciples had all things in common; and the pleasantness of his system, and its ease and luxury, made him many followers.

EPISCOPACY.—The government, by its bishops, of the Christian church. It may be said to have been instituted A. D. 35, when Peter sat in the bishop's chair at Rome. Episcopacy commenced in England in the second century; in Ireland about the same time, and in Scotland about the fourth century; but historians dispute with theologians upon this point. In Scotland episcopacy was finally abolished at the period of the revolution, 1688-9. The sect called Episcopals first appeared about the year 500.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, in the United States.—Episcopacy established in New York by law, 1784; introduced into Connecticut, 1790. The first bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America were Bishop White of Pennsylvania and Provost of New York, consecrated in London, 1787. First Episcopal convention, 1789. Bishops of Vermont, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio consecrated at New York, Nov. 2, 1802.

EPITAPHS.—They were used by the ancient Jews, by the Athenians, the Romans, and most of the nations of antiquity; their date is referred in England to the earliest times. In the epitaphs of the ancients arose the epigram.

EPITHALAMIUM.—Tisias, the lyric poet, was the first writer of a nuptial complimentary song, or epithalamium. He received the name of Stesichorus from the alterations made by him in music and dancing, 556 B. C.

EPOCHS.—These are periods in history which are agreed upon and acknowledged by the respective historians and chronologists, and which serve to regulate the date of events. The following are the epochs thus particularly adopted:

| | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|------------|----------------------|-------|-----------|
| Creation | - - - | B. C. 4004 | Building of Rome | - - - | A. C. 753 |
| Deluge | - - - | 2348 | Nabonassar | - - - | 747 |
| Calling of Abraham | - - - | 1921 | The Seleucidæ | - - - | 312 |
| Argonautic expedition | - - - | 1225 | The battle of Actium | - - - | 31 |
| Destruction of Troy | - - - | 1184 | The Christian era | - - - | A. D. 1 |
| 1st Olympiad | - - - | 776 | Diocletian | - - - | 284 |

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Dr. Baird, in his new edition of "Religion in America," thus classes the five great evangelical denominations in the United States. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians being, in many important respects, the same, he places both under the head of Presbyterians:

| | Ch's. | M's. | Members. | Pop'n. |
|----------------|--------|-------|-----------|-----------|
| Episcopalian, | 1,323 | 1,742 | 108,850 | 1,012,000 |
| Pres. yterian, | 10,556 | 8,472 | 928,318 | 5,500,000 |
| Baptist, | 14,070 | 9,476 | 1,322,369 | 8,900,000 |
| Methodist, | 14,000 | 8,745 | 1,593,704 | 8,900,000 |
| Lutheran, | 1,900 | 1,900 | 225,000 | 1,500,000 |

At the commencement of the present year there were in the United States about 22,000 miles of railroad, employing 6,000 locomotives. It is estimated that these locomotives consume between four and five million cords of wood annually—the product of at least 100,000 acres of woodland.

There are 18,000,000 acres of land in Ohio, inclosed with 450,000 miles of fence, at a prime cost of \$115,200,000, and at a whole yearly expense for repairs, &c., of \$7,680,000, of which sum Gen. Worthington calculates that at least one-third, or \$2,560,000, might be saved by law prohibiting domestic animals, and especially hogs and sheep, from running at large.

An English paper says that there are in the present House of Commons, 6 admirals, 2 commanders, 3 naval captains, 3 generals, 1 lieutenant general, 5 major generals, 23 colonels, 33 lieutenant colonels, 23 majors, 54 military captains, 13 lieutenants, 6 cornets, 105 barristers, 6 solicitors, 3 lord lieutenants of counties, 273 deputy vice lieutenants. These are independent of a great number of military officers who have sold out or resigned their commissions. In the House of Lords there are 11 admirals, 2 naval captains, 2 field marshals, 8 generals, 1 lieutenant general, 8 major generals, 33 colonels, 5 lieutenant colonels, 4 majors, 9 military captains, 2 lieutenants, 1 cornet, 9 barristers, 77 lord lieutenants of counties, 87 deputy and vice lieutenants.

In London there are 62 George streets, 55 Charles streets and 46 John streets. There are 571 streets that possess but 17 names. The city authorities are employed in reviewing the names of the streets, with hope of improvement.

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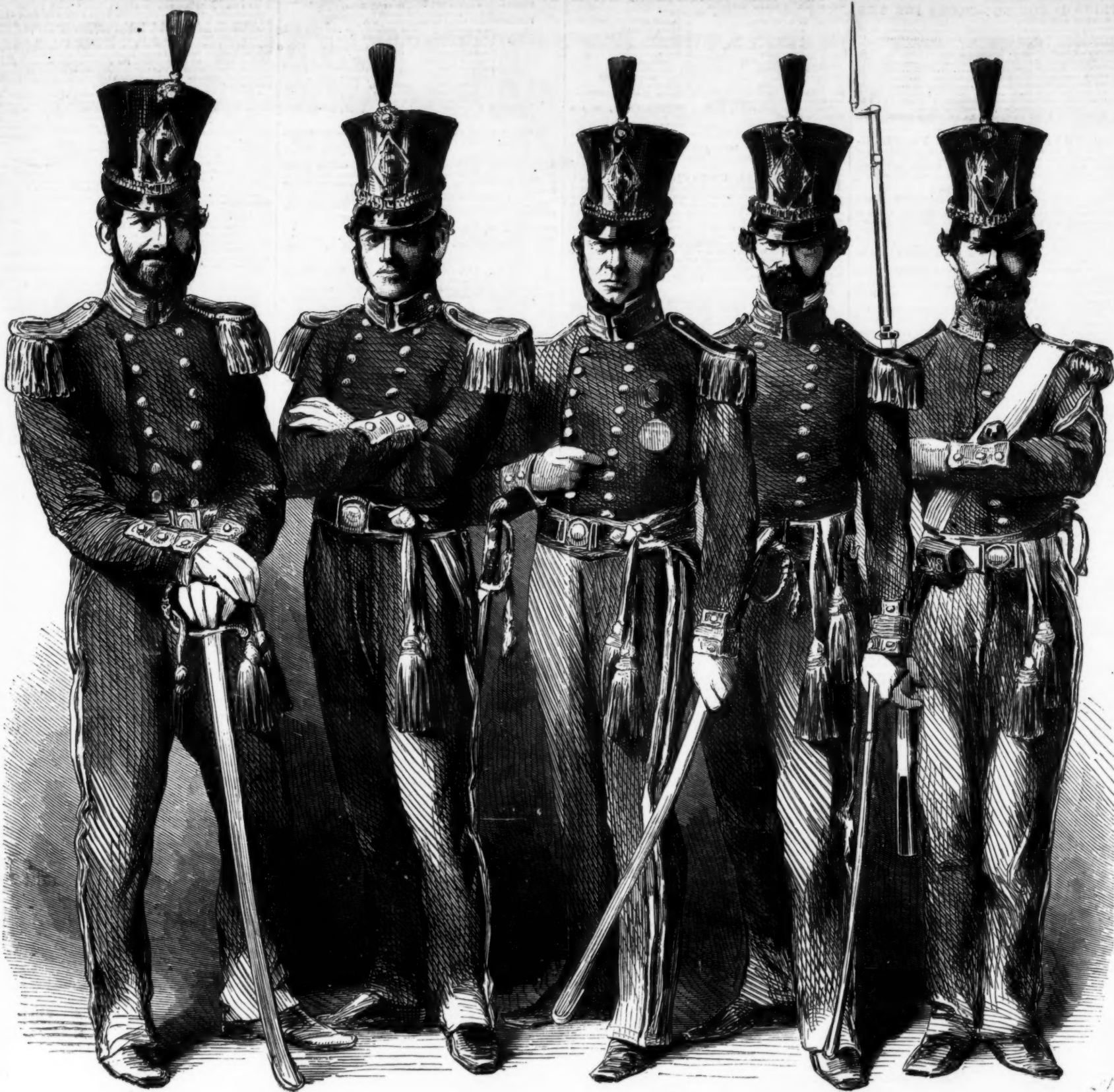
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1002s, 1003s, 1004s, 1005s, 1006s, 1007s, 1008s, 1009s, 1010s, 1011s, 1012s, 1013s, 1014s, 1015s, 1016s, 1017s, 1018s, 1019s, 1020s, 1021s, 1022s, 1023s, 1024s, 1025s, 1026s, 1027s, 1028s, 1029s, 1030s, 1031s, 1032s, 1033s, 1034s, 1035s, 1036s, 1037s, 1038s, 1039s, 1040s, 1041s, 1042s, 1043s, 1044s, 1045s, 1046s, 1047s, 1048s, 1049s, 1050s, 1051s, 1052s, 1053s, 1054s, 1055s, 1056s, 1057s, 1058s, 1059s, 1060s, 1061s, 1062s, 1063s, 1064s, 1065s, 1066s, 1067s, 1068s, 1069s, 1070s, 1071s, 1072s, 1073s, 1074s, 1075s, 1076s, 1077s, 1078s, 1079s, 1080s, 1081s, 1082s, 1083s, 1084s, 1085s, 1086s, 1087s, 1088s, 1089s, 1090s, 1091s, 1092s, 1093s, 1094s, 1095s, 1096



Captain Thos. P. Farry

Lieutenant C. R. Smith
OFFICERS OF THE PHILADELPHIA WASHINGTON GREYS.

Lieutenant Geo. W. Wood.

Lieutenant Alexander Murphy
PHOTOGRAPH BY GERMAN, PHILADELPHIA.

Sergeant James B. Fidler.

THE ARTILLERY CORPS OF WASHINGTON GRAYS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE Artillery Corps of Washington Grays of Philadelphia was organized on 19th April, 1822, (originally as Light Infantry) by the election of John Swift, Esq., as Captain, and has been in active and efficient condition ever since. They were the first volunteer corps in the United States to adopt the gray uniform, and have retained the same with slight alteration to the present time.

About the year 1827 they changed their arms to artillery, and became possessed of two light field-pieces that were presented by the city of Amsterdam to Admiral Von Tromp, but the various changes in the mode of constructing gun carriages induced the abandonment of their use; but they are still preserved by the corps in their Armory. They bear the following inscription: "Cornelis Tromp, Loytenant Admiral over Holland en Westerslant, A.D. 1673, Gerard Koster me fecit."

During the visit of Gen. Lafayette to Philadelphia in September, 1824, the corps was specially noted by him, and, at his own request, he was elected its first honorary member, and signed his name to the Constitution. In Sully's celebrated picture of the General, painted for the city, and now to be seen in Independence Hall, the corps is represented as drawn up on parade for escort duty.

Upon the arrival in Philadelphia of the remains of John Quincy Adams in 1848, and those of Henry Clay in 1852, the corps was selected by the authorities to act as escort and guard of honor, which duties they performed with entire satisfaction to all.

The corps has always been remarkable for its high state of discipline and subordination, to perfect and maintain which various tours of camp duty have been performed. In 1826, from June 29th to July 3d, at Hoboken, N. J., on which occasion they marched from Philadelphia to New Brunswick, and the same on their return. This is believed to have been the first plea-

sure excursion of any distance ever made by a volunteer corps in the United States.

In 1827, September, encamped near Frankford, Pa., for artillery drill and practice under the instruction of Lieut. Hood, U. S. A.

In 1828, August, encamped for ten days in the vicinity of Brandywine Springs.

In 1830, July, encamped near Bristol, Pa.

In 1831, July, encamped near Chester, Pa.

In 1834, June and July, encamped near Lancaster, Pa.

In 1838, July, encamped near Derby, Pa.

In 1839, July, encamped near Valley Forge, thence marched to Reading, Pa., and encamped there.

In 1842, July, encamped at Coatsville, Pa.

In 1850, July, encamped near Paradise, Pa.

In 1855, July, encamped near New Hope, Pa.

Occasional excursions to neighboring cities have been made by the corps. In 1823 they visited New York. On the centennial Anniversary of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, 1832, they visited Mount Vernon, and in passing through Washington were received by the then President (General Jackson) with every mark of hospitality and civility. During this excursion the corps visited, by special invitation, the Hon. Charles Carroll "of Carrollton," then on the verge of the grave, and received a lock of his hair, cut by his daughter in their presence; this is still preserved by the corps in a medal, which encloses also a lock from the head of the Father of his Country.

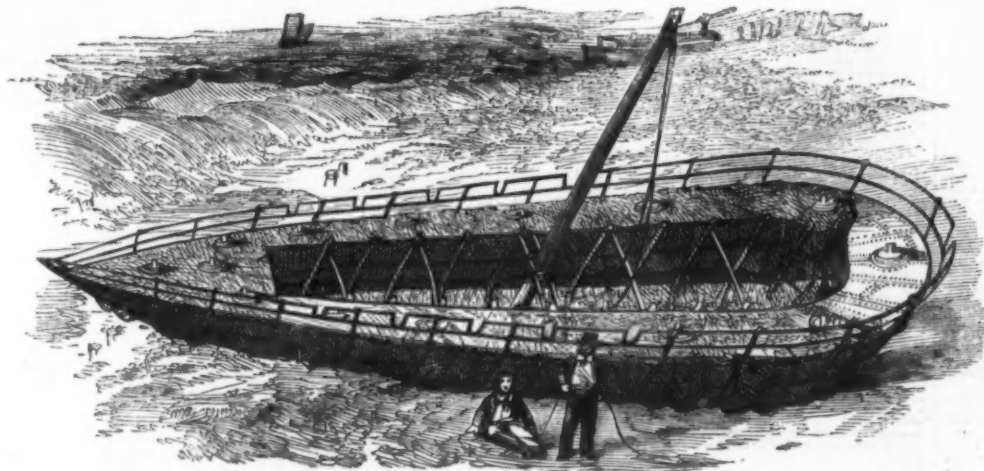
In 1845, they visited for the second time the city of New York, and Richmond, Va., in February, 1854, where they were received by the state authorities with great ceremony, being the first corps that had ever visited them from a "free" State.

Henry Clay was elected an honorary member in 1848, and signed their Constitution, favoring them at the same time with an autograph letter expressing his approval of the corps.

The following officers of the U. S. Army were members of the corps: Lieut. J. E. Blake, Topographical Engineer, killed at Palo Alto; Lieut. A. Lowrie, killed at Molina del Rey; Major G. A. H. Blake, 1st Dragoons; Major G. W. F. Wood, and Capt. G. W. Wallace, of the Infantry.

They have been commanded successively by Jno. Swift, Cephas G. Childs, Joseph Worrell, John McAdam, and Peter C. Ellmaker. The roll at present consists of 65 rank and file and 5 Sergeants; and is officered by Thos. P. Farry, Captain; Geo. W. Wood, 1st Lieutenant; Alex. Murphy, do. do.; Chas. Rose Smith, 2nd do.; Jas. B. Fidler, 1st Sergeant.

The corps has never failed in the execution of any duty they have been called upon to perform. They took an active part in the celebrated "Buck Shot War," and in the suppression of all riots when military force was found to be necessary.



HOLBROOK'S BOTTOMLESS LIFE-BOAT. SEE PAGE 294.